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ADIRONDACKS.

(ILLUSTRATED)

• STODDARD •



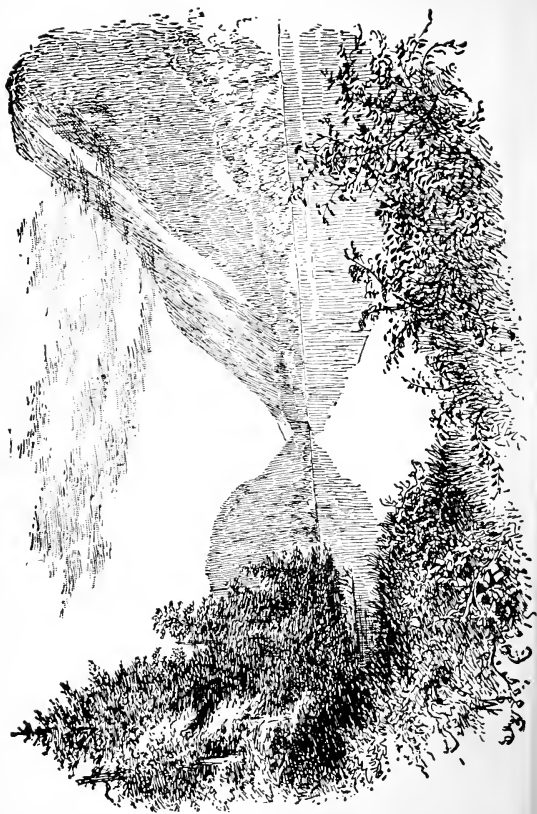
Thirty-eighth Year



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YOU DON'T HAVE TO
WORRY—



• • THE • •

ADIRONDACKS

ILLUSTRATED.

• CONTAINING • • •

DESCRIPTION OF NOTABLE FEATURES OF THE REGION; FORESTRY AND ITS
FORESTS, THEIR CONDITION AND NEEDS; HINTS CONCERNING FISH AND
FISHING, SUPPLIES AND GENERAL OUTFIT FOR CAMP AND TRAIL;
COST AND MANNER OF REACHING THE VARIOUS RESORTS;
HOTELS, WITH CAPACITY, PRICE OF BOARD, ETC.; TABLES
OF ELEVATION AND DISTANCES; MAPS, ETC., ETC.

• • • BY • • •

S. R. STODDARD

AUTHOR OF

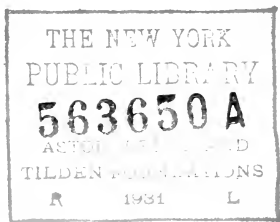
"TICONDEROGA," "LAKE GEORGE AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN."

LC
THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR
1912

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

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GREAT DIVISIONS.

Lake Champlain—*Pages 23 to 60.*

Fort Ticonderoga, 27. Crown Point, 29. Westport, 33. Burlington, 38. Ausable Chasm, 41. Bluff Point, 53.

Mountain Region—*Pages 122 to 190.*

Ausable Lakes, 155. Blue Mountain Lake ²¹⁵ Cascade Lakes, 123. Lake Colden, 127. Elizabethtown, 135. Heart Lake, 125. Lake Henderson, 175. Indian Pass 78. Keene Valley, 140. Mount Marcy, 128. North Alba, 119. Newcomb, 174. Placid, Lake, 103. Paradox Lake, 160. Schroon Lake, 162.

Northwest Lake Region—*Pages 61 to 163.*

Chateaugay Lake, 62. Chazy Lake, 61. Childwold, 99. Lower Raquette River, 91. Mountain View, 71. Lake Placid, 103. Paul Smith's, 69. Rainbow Lake, 67. Saranac Lake (Lower), 76. Saranac Lake (Upper), 83. Tupper Lake, 97.

Southwest Lake Region—*Pages 183 to 220.*

Beaver River, 216. Cranberry Lake, 217. Fulton Chain, 184. Long Lake, 175. Raquette Lake, 199. Blue Mountain Lake, 215.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

GREETING :

I made my first trip to the heart of the Adirondack Wilderness in 1873, covering in a series of loops its more noted sections and routes, and gave the results of the experience the following year in narrative form. On this narrative thread has been annually strung the changes of succeeding years.

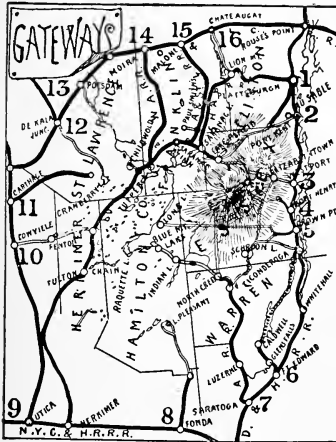
Changes? Wild grass grows on the old routes and the unknown places of then are now centers of a summer population greater than the total of all Adirondack visitors of twenty years ago.

So the old "Narrative" is dropped and the space given to that which is believed to be of more value to the tourist generally, condensed and in a more convenient size for the pocket. The "New Adirondacks" is the result. How do you like it?

Railroads encircle the Adirondacks like the iron frame of a landing net. From the encircling lines others penetrate the interior, crossing each other and branching in turn to reach important points, or lose themselves among the mountains or in the watery highways that are woven in a net-work all over the lake region of the west. Let us consider the Wilderness as the face of a great clock, with Mount Marcy the pivot on which the mighty hands are turning.

GREETING.

The more important Gateways are numbered to represent the hours, according to position ; thus Plattsburgh fairly represents I o'clock, Port Kent II, Westport III, while the others follow in order as the hands

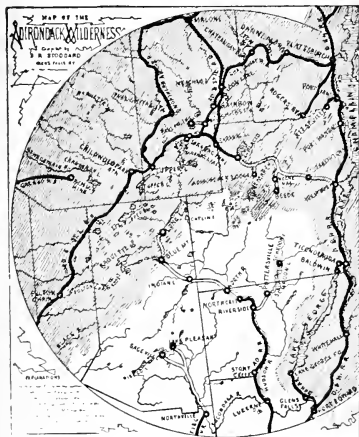


go the familiar way around the dial. The several routes from important points to Gateways will be found on pages 236-7-8. The route to interior points is followed separately from each Gateway in the following pages, for which see index. The map on page 4 will give a clear idea of the location of

the resorts and the ways by which they are gained.

Hotels are referred to in special index, page 280. For rates of board and particulars not found in the body of the book, see page 237. For mountains and table of elevations, page 285. Lakes and ponds page 282. Suggestions concerning camp and outfit will be found on page 14. For fishing and fishing outfit see page 228. Game laws 225.

The preservation of the forests—of great value as a whole—is of vital importance as regards the tributaries of the Hudson River. The gradual shrinkage



[Light portion shows Hudson River drainage.]

in the water supply of this river, with its sudden floods and sudden drying-up of tributary streams, are warnings that should not be ignored. Royal of birth though it be; famed the world over and beautiful beyond compare, it is less known in its birthplace than in almost any other section of the wilderness. The forest covering of this entire region is threatened with destruction! It should be under control of the State. A law should be enacted *prohibiting the cutting of evergreen trees on all Adirondack lands lying 1,800 feet above tide, (except with the approval of competent authority under the government), regardless of ownership.*

The gradual shrinkage in the water supply of this river, with its sudden floods and sudden drying-up of tributary streams, are warnings that should not be ignored. Royal of birth though it be; famed the world over and beautiful beyond compare, it is less known in its birthplace than in almost any other section of

GREETING.

The words are as true to-day as when written in 1893—and the danger as great. Governor Flower forced action which was of much value to the Adirondacks as a whole; Governor Black advanced it still farther; the law of 1897 was in the right direction; the State Forestry, Fish and Game Commission has done a splendid work; very great help has come through that agency against which public clamor has been loudest—the millionaire clubman with his private preserve,—yet the greatest possible good has not been attained for the effort has been largely outside the section in real peril. The blind spot in the Public Eye is over this region from which the Hudson draws its supply.

And the Lumberman goes merrily forward with the work which is clearly within his legal rights; and the Wood-pulp Member softly closes one knowing eye, secure in that Legislative Courtesy which forbids that others with jobs of their own shall meddle with his Territory, while with sound of cymbals and of drums the Legislative Committee swings 'round on pleasant excursions, over the best roads, and are entertained at the elegant hotels that stand by the waters that discharge into the Dominion of Canada!

And the threatened tributaries of the Hudson River remain a closed book or are seen as through a glass darkly.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

The propagation of game and fish in the Adirondacks is eminently commendable as a sentiment; the great State Park is an undoubted blessing, and the preservation of the forests for the Nation's sanitarium of great worth to humanity, but the question of pure water for the millions is infinitely more important than all others.

Soon the people of the great cities must look to the mountains for the water they drink. They have a right to it, untainted, and to its undiminished flow—now jeopardized by the cutting away of the forests about its head.

The great western plateau can suffer little permanent injury—burnt levels reclothe themselves quickly, but the tree-stripped mountain-side invites the fire, its mould becomes ashes, the rains descend and the rock stands naked, until, by slow process, vegetation climbs to its limits once more. This is the danger that threatens. The warning is seen in the great river that shrinks in drouth and throbs with sudden flood.

The State should control the Hudson River watershed absolutely, to the rim. Water storage (as in the proposed Sacandaga reservoir) is in the right direction. Such would to a considerable degree hold back the destructive spring floods, for use in time of drouth. Even the flooding of State land could do no appreciable harm, so long as all dams and constructive work are kept outside the Forest Preserve. There, however, the line should be drawn and fixed, unalterably, forever.

THE GAME LAWS

Every year men are shot and killed in the Adirondacks by mistake for deer. In old days when dogs were used in driving such "accidents were unknown. Remedy: Legalize "hounding" and save the man. The law as it stands was made by outsiders and is in the interests of the wealthy sportsman, who has acquired skill in "still" hunting and who would not grieve if the novice finds it difficult to learn.

The men who spend their lives in the mountains and make it possible for the visitor to come should have rights to its products above the outsider, who simply pays his dollar for license to shoot. Yet they are taxed and held under the same restrictions while high salaried game keepers are sent to spy on them that they do not offend. The human tendency is to resent this and it makes law breakers among those who see no reason why their family should go hungry while the means of satisfying is held for the mere "sport" of others.

A safe and sane law would permit "hounding" to save the man.

It should prohibit the pursuit of deer in any boat or the killing in any water beyond the animal's wading depth.

It should permit the resident to kill during the open season to any extent for family use.

THE GAME LAWS

Non-residents should be required to take out a license as at present, which should limit the killing to one deer, "with horns," and prohibit the sale or carrying of any dead deer outside the county where killed.

Adirondack Hotels should be permitted to serve venison during the open season and for so long a time thereafter as the meat can be preserved fresh. The landlord who serves venison at any time for a price now violates the law.

ABOUT TROUT. Not one in fifty who seek the Adirondacks for health or pleasure cares to go fishing though most everyone likes the taste of trout. But the landlord who serves the "speckled beauties" for a price breaks the law. By connivance with him it may be made to appear that it is your "catch." Does that please you?

Don't blame the Landlord "for he's a jolly good fellow" and would do everything expected if he were free. Don't blame the Native—his wages come with the visitor. Don't blame the wise sportsman. He is "conserving the species" (for his convenience in the name of "Sport") and just pulls the strings at Albany as preliminary.

It is a wrong to native and visitor all the same and should be remedied.



THE ADIRONDACKS.

CHAPTER I.

IN GENERAL.

ON wings of thought swifter than the lightning's flash we sweep away across the drowsy earth, past smoke-polluted cities, sun-scorched meadows, burning plain and highways with their flaunting skirts of sand, nor rest until the fragrant odor of wild flowers and the dewy breath of forest trees come like incense wafted to us from below.

Come with me up into a high mountain. I cannot show you "all the kingdoms of the world,"—but "the glory of them." Over a rippling ocean of forests first in long, swelling waves, now rising, now sinking down into deep hollows ; here in grand mountains, crested as with caps of foam, there tormented by counter currents into wildly dashing shapes, like ocean billows frozen by Divine command, their summits glittering granite, their deep green troughs gleaming with threads of silver and bits of fallen sky.

Now the trees of the valley glide away behind us, now come dark spruce and pine and the sturdy balsam climbing the mountain-side, tall and graceful at first but as the mountains rise, growing smaller, gnarled and twisted, and scarce above the surface, sending their branches out close along the ground, their white tops bleached and ghastly, like dead roots of upturned trees; now the hardy lichens; now naked rock, and we stand on the wind-swept summit of "Tahawus," the cloud-piercer of the Indian.

Around Tahawus cluster the other great mountains—east, west, north, south—limitless, numberless, a confused mass of peaks and ridges, crowding close up to the base of their chief, and receding in waves of green all down through the scale of color to its blue and purple edge. Pen can convey no idea of its sublimity; the pencil fails to even suggest the blended strength and delicacy of the scene. The rude laugh is hushed, the boisterous shout dies out on reverential lips, the body shrinks down feeling its own littleness, while the soul expands, and rising above the earth, claims kinship with its Creator, questioning not His existence.

Westward from the mountains, in a broad semi-circle, at an average elevation of 1,600 feet above tide, is the Great Lake Region, where a multitude of lakes and ponds form the head-waters of streams that radiate to all points, finding their way south to the Hudson, or at the west and north into the great



lakes and through the St. Lawrence into the sea. These western lakes and streams are so closely connected that almost every mile of that section may be traversed by boat, save for short carries from one water system into another, or to go around some rapid or waterfall.

The term Adirondack, interpreted to mean "Bark-eater," was originally applied in derision by the Indians of the south to tribes occupying the northern slope of the interior, and in time was used to designate the mountains, until finally by common use it was extended to include the entire wilderness. The section is an irregular oval, covering about 90 miles east and west and a hundred or more north and south, with its eastern third cut off by Lake George and Lake Champlain. Out of this is to be taken a considerable section of cleared and cultivated land around the border and in old settled valleys, leaving an area of wilderness of between 7,000 to 8,000 square miles. In the interior are numerous small clearings amounting to considerable in the aggregate but, like the spots on the sun, small compared with the existing wild section.

The wilderness may be divided into three general divisions which, collectively, entertain the great bulk of visitors, namely the Lake Placid and the Saranac and St. Regis waters of the northwest. The mountain region of Essex County which includes Elizabethtown and Keene Valley with entrance at Westport; and the Blue Mountain, Raquette and Long

Lake waters of Hamilton County in the southwest. Each section while possessing something of the characteristics of the others, has its own special attractions, and while connected by natural highways over which the nomad often goes, still to a considerable extent, each preserves its own individuality, and is complete and sufficient unto itself. Smaller but notable are Childwold, Gale and Tupper Lake sections in St. Lawrence county and Fulton Chain and Beaver River in Herkimer county.

Essex county is the most picturesque in high mountains and wild lakes, and is visited more than any other section by those who seek to delight the eye with beautiful scenes. The West is wildest in its tangle of woven lakes and streams that duplicate each other over and over again throughout its broad expanse. The North is the oldest, the best known and visited and is also the most fashionable. The South is the tamest and of least interest and enterprise.

A peculiarity of the Adirondack region is its freedom from rough or vicious characters. Evil finds nothing congenial in its bright skies and pure atmosphere. Conventionalities that obtain at other resorts are not held binding here. The fact of actual presence is accepted as guaranty of the possession of those mutual sympathies and qualifications which here, at least, make the whole world kin. Ladies travel without male escort from one end of the wilderness to the other, indeed, it is no uncommon thing for parties to make the tour of the woods, accompanied only by the

necessary complement of guide to furnish motive power, spending day after day in their boat, and each night reaching one step farther in the extended system of hotels.

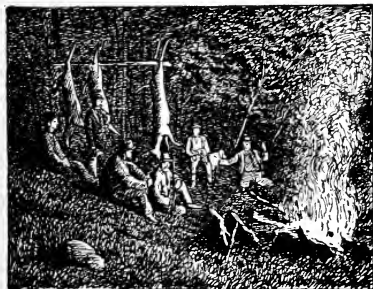
Full dress is seldom seen, even at the most fashionable resorts, and is exceeded in absurdity only by the conventional stage trapper, who occasionally bursts upon the astonished wilderness in fringed buckskin, and is marked at once as a "fresh." Your right to enter the best society will not be questioned because of dress. Clothing ordinarily worn is sufficient for all occasions, with perhaps the addition of a soft felt hat and roomy walking shoes or boots for boat or tramp. Camp and Sporting Outfit, clothing, supplies, etc., are given in a special chapter, with various suggestions.



Hunting is standard sport here and the great attraction to a majority of Adirondack visitors. Game of the smaller variety such as partridges, squirrels etc., can be found in the woods almost anywhere. Deer have increased in numbers within the past few years under the provisions of the law prohibiting their indiscriminate slaughter which the resident, from guide to hotel keeper, has learned was to his interest to see enforced. To the credit of the clubs, that get little but maledictions from the unattached sportsman generally for "fencing in" their land, be it said that those reservations under regulations which are held

binding on member and invited guest alike, are prolific nurseries for game that overflows into the surrounding forests and from which the casual sportsman derives unacknowledged benefit. The visitor should be lenient. Even the most bloated millionaire-club-member in existence has rights on this earth which are entitled to thoughtful consideration.

Trout are to be found in most Adirondack streams, generally in proportion to the whipping they get although the fish seem to thrive in some sections better



than in others, while a careful observance of the law and judicious restocking of streams has made certain sections notable above others to lovers of the gentle art

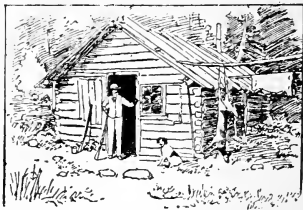
Trout, their habits and peculiarities, with suggestions as to outfit, fishing, etc., is treated at length in a special chapter by the late A. N. Cheney, a recognized authority in the matter whereof he speaks. It gives, in readable shape, more solid information of use to the fisherman than a whole library of ordinary fishing romances of the day, with their sensations, impressions, tingles, thrills and frills.

In the net-work of ways and their multitude of branches traversing the wilderness continuity of progress may not be. A comprehensive glance will help in acquiring necessary details. Information gathered from all available sources, has been arranged in the following pages on a carefully considered system. Here is the key. As a whole the ways into the wilderness are considered under the head of "Gateways." (See index.) Following, each gateway is given separately, with lines leading to particular centres, with distances and fares to points named.

Expenses cannot be fairly estimated, varying widely as they do with the habits and requirements of different individuals. If you go in channels having public conveyances, traveling expenses may be fairly determined by referring to fares, etc., found under their appropriate heading. If you go outside the public lines of travel you must have special conveyance. If you travel by boat, or go into camp, you will require the service of a guide.

Places of entertainment are scattered throughout the wilderness, ranging from the well appointed hotel to the log house of the interior and open camps where the guide is host and moves his whole establishment if necessary to suit his guests. The prices at the different houses range from one to four dollars a day and upward according to accommodations and service. Ordinarily the rates are very reasonable for standard accommodations, but you must not expect all the modern conveniences at a dollar a day. They can be

had at many of the hotels, but it costs money to provide them and the visitor must pay for it. When a hotel advertises board at so much "and upward" it means "and upward." Particulars concerning hotels, including price for board, accommodations, etc., will be given in connection with the section where such hotels



are located, unless for some reason particulars do not reach me in time for the annual revision. For names of hotels see special index.

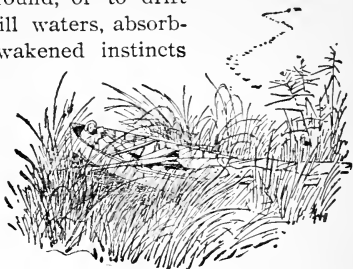
Guides ordinarily receive \$3 per day, furnishing boat and **necessary** cooking and table utensils. In camp you furnish the supplies, the guide cooks and does **other necessary** camp work. He rows and "backs" the boat over the carries where there are no other means provided ; (at carries where horses are kept the employer is expected to pay for transportation). One guide and boat is ordinarily sufficient for two persons in traveling, but for independence in fishing and hunting each sportsman should have his individual guide. If you employ a guide for any service at any hotel you are charged for his "keep" at one-half to two-thirds regular rates. There are two classes of guides, known respectively as "hotel" and "independent." The former are en-

gaged for the season by hotel proprietors, who relet them to parties; the latter must be dealt with personally. There are good men in both classes, the nature of the surroundings usually determine to which class they belong: experience only can determine their suitability for your peculiar wants. As a class they are a fine set of men. The best guides are often engaged for a year in advance, as some sportsmen would as soon think of going without his gun as without his favorite guide.

If you go into camp life and can afford the expense, take a trained cook along. Guides can as a rule, prepare an acceptable forest meal, and some are very skillful in that line, but the very qualities which contribute to make the successful guide—"the mighty hunter"—often renders him indifferent to the quality of his food, and incapable of understanding the cravings of a delicate appetite. At all events, carry a cook book. Camp fare is apt to be monotonous after a time, and although familiar with a hundred dishes, when brought face to face with the necessity of preparing a straight meal, your mind becomes a blank and you drop weakly back to the same old stew of yesterday—and the day before—and life becomes a burden. You are presumably out for pleasure, do not, therefore, make severe labor of it. Have

paid help sufficient to do camp work, if, at any time, inclination tempt you to watch the zenith from some mossy vantage ground, or to drift idly among the still waters, absorbing with newly awakened instincts the subtle lessons taught by nature.

The gloriously healthful air of the wilderness will unquestionably give new life and vigor, but it



labors at a disadvantage, if your bed of boughs afford no rest and sleep comes only with complete exhaustion, as often happens in the first few nights in camp. At such times the early morning finds you pitably weak and languid instead of refreshed and ready to move simply because motion is a relief to the poor bruised body and aching joints. "Roughing it" is grand in theory, and sounds well in after history, but is bad in practice and often impedes if it does not entirely defeat the object for which it is undertaken.

Parties have "done" the Adirondacks with map, book and compass, without the aid of a regular guide; but the way is full of hardships for such that may be avoided by those accustomed to the country, while if comfort, distance, and time lost in out-of-the-way places are taken into consideration such a course is attended with but little economy.

Bear in mind that this book is designed to give its readers in convenient shape information concerning points and places, roads and regions that can be visited over public ways ; matters of general interest to the ninety-and-nine, with hints and suggestions of the deeper mysteries of camp and trail to the hundredth one, that may pilot him to points where the intelligent guide becomes a necessity, and beyond



which, direction in book form would confuse, rather than instruct. For the sake of clearness,

therefore, I have omitted description of the multitude of smaller ponds, streams and trails which duplicate each other in many places, which no one should attempt to follow without an experienced guide. To those who would have a comprehensive idea of the whole region, it is hoped the map, designed to supplement the information contained herein, will be a welcome companion until it can be safely laid aside for the more specific knowledge of the guide, whose office neither book nor map can ever fill.

A large portion of the great Adirondack region had never been surveyed with chain and rod when the original "Tourist-map" was undertaken. In its construction all available sources of information were brought into requisition. Important points

outside the wilderness proper were determined in accordance with official surveys, and connected with the mountains of the interior, whose principal peaks were accurately located by triangulation made expressly for the work. In addition to this absolutely reliable material, drawings on an extended scale of small sections, covering in the aggregate the entire region, were made and sent in duplicate to men familiar with the various localities for correction, and were drawn as full and complete as possible—careful attention being given to proportion and distance—with wild trails, carries, ponds and streams. Reduced to an uniform scale by photography, the result approached perfection as nearly as could be, short of actual trigonometrical survey. The map was completed in 1879 and issued revised annually and corrected to keep pace with changes of road and trail, camp and hotel in this rapidly changing section.

A new map now takes the place of the old containing all important features of the United States Geodetic Survey to date, with the special features of camp and trail which made the original so valuable. The price on Map bond paper in cloth covers with complete index of mountains, lakes and places, post paid, is one dollar. The same map on cheaper paper without the index and in paper covers, 50 cents.

CHAPTER II.

OUTFIT, CAMP, SUPPLIES, SUGGESTIONS, ETC.

MAKE out a complete list of articles that are considered necessary or desirable in the proposed trip, each member for himself, in advance of the time of departure, then in committee of the whole decide on what is really necessary or suitable, taking into consideration the nature of the trip and means of reaching the appointed camping ground. If it be not over-difficult of access, carry anything which will contribute to your reasonable comfort, in the way of blankets, clothing, etc.

For camp outfit and woods life the following is recommended. A complete change of underclothing ; two pairs of serviceable socks, but slightly heavier than you habitually wear at the season (soft wool is preferable); pair colored flannel shirts with wide collars, confined at the throat by a substantial silk handkerchief. (If the unaccustomed material chafes the neck the shirts may be put on outside the garment ordinarily worn in which case linen collars must not be forgotten.) The trowsers and vest should be of some strong woolen goods, the coat the same, cut rather short and to button close up to the neck. Have pockets, ample and numerous, with covers ; you will find use for them. Wear a soft felt hat with a reasonably wide brim. (By grasping it in a manner easily learned the rim forms a convenient drinking cup.) Do not commit the too common error of procuring new shoes or boots for the occasion. A pair of laced shoes, roomy, but not too loose, well broken to the foot, with broad soles and rather low heels, is best. The uppers should be of rather light grained

kip or water-proof leather. Have leather or canvas leggings, strapped under the instep and buttoning, or to lace at the side well up toward the knee. Boots may be used in place of shoes and leggings, if preferred, but the evidence is largely in favor of the shoe. It is well to have a duplicate pair for alternates in



A POSSIBILITY.

wet weather, Rubber boots, although convenient at times, are not suitable for general wear or for traveling. A light overcoat will be found very comfortable at times. Among the necessities

should be included rubber coat and overalls for use in rainy weather, for the best fishing is often found under dripping clouds. Have also a light rubber blanket to throw over the knees and feet when in boat, or to protect you, in sleeping, from moisture below or above. For lounging in camp take a pair of common canvas slippers and sew on them cloth tops to come up around the ankle, and tie outside the trowsers. For sleeping at night—if you have moral courage sufficient to stand before your fellows in such a gear—a single garment of any suitable material—(calico if you like)—combining shirt, drawers and stockings without opening save the necessary one of entrance at the top, to button close about the neck, will be found wonderfully comforting while wandering ants and inquisitive though harmless bugs may be making life miserable for those with only the ordinary

garments. A further addition may be made in shape of a friar's hood attached at back of neck. A light cloth or silk cap will be found comfortable for night use if you don't take kindly to the above.

Ladies' outfit contemplates a subject in which I would not presume to dictate ; I have learned better. I humbly submit, however, that it is your first duty to make yourself as attractive as possible, subject only to the requirements of place and season. I would suggest that, whatever may be allowable in the way of "fine" dressing, it is not considered necessary, or even in good taste. Often the sweetest girls that ever brightened the wilderness with their presence reign queens of the evening in the same bewitching costume in which they boated and climbed the mountains in the early morning. Consult some lady friend who has spent a season in the woods as to what constitutes a suitable outfit. In absence of other information the following is suggested for boat, camp and tramp. Underclothing, such as experience has shown best suited to the season and your individual comfort, giving fine flannel the preference in all but the very warmest weather. Underskirts should generally be of dark flannel, although, if much walking is to be done, one of dark cotton will be found an agreeable substitute as less clinging than woollen. A becoming dress may be made of blue or gray flannel or ladies' cloth. It may be pleated back and front, gathered at the waist, or fitting loosely to the form, but should in any case allow perfect freedom in the use of the arms. The skirt should be not overfull, and cut a finger



shorter than the ordinary walking dress. Trim but little, in shades of same color as body ; a cord at wrist, collar and waist-band, with a knot of ribbon or a wild flower at the throat, is sufficient. A dainty bit of ruffling or old lace about the neck transforms the morning into an evening toilet. Wear a soft felt hat with wide brim ; trim with forest leaves. Wear a lady's hat, if they differ from a man's. *Don't* ape masculinity in dress. The average Adirondack sportsman does not admire it, although, if confronted by the horrid fact he is often too much of a gentleman to tell the truth. Wear dark serviceable nose and substantial roomy Balmoral boots, with broad soles and low, broad heels. Wear Lisle thread, cotton or doeskin gloves. They may be made with long wristlets to button or tie outside the dress sleeve, to guard against possible attack of black fly or mosquito. A chatelaine belt and pocket, with tin drinking cup, etc., is convenient. A light sun umbrella of the walking-stick pattern is a comfort in rain or shine. A shawl will often be found acceptable of an evening following the warmest of days. Carry a rubber or waterproof circular with hood, a pair of light rubber overshoes and a piece of light rubber cloth to throw over the lap and feet if surprised in a boat by one of those fast-moving Adirondack showers.

In rough weather sit or lie low in the boat ; *never*, at such times, grasp the sides to support yourself. A skillful boatman will manage in safety one of those light Adirondack shells in the roughest of water, if allowed entire control of boat and load. Go fearlessly into the woods. It is stated on the highest authority that not a noxious plant or venomous serpent exists in the Adirondacks.

In selecting a camping place during warm weather, choose an island or an exposed point free from underbrush where the wind will, to a great extent, free you

from the mosquito and fly. In cool weather, it is needless to say, choose the thicket ; in either case, remember that a cold spring or brook and material for the camp-fire conveniently near adds very much to your comfort. A bark or bough camp will do in absence of anything better, but is nothing like as comfortable or convenient as a tent. An "A" tent, seven by eight feet on the ground, affords comfortable sleeping room for four, and on occasion five or even six. A rope, passing through lengthwise at the top and out at the ends, takes the place of ridge pole, and may be fastened to convenient trees or over crotched sticks cut the proper height, and tied to



stakes. The material should be of cotton (water and mildew-proof), and complete, need not weigh more than nine to twelve pounds. In pitching the tent, if on a side hill, dig a "Λ" shaped trench to lead running water on either

side ; if on the level, ditch all around. A wall tent is better than a circular or an "A" tent. If a long stay is anticipated, it pays to build log sides on which to mount the tent, and cover with a "fly" to insure certain protection from rain. A sheet-iron camp-stove can be procured of the dealers, or may be easily made to answer every purpose, and pays if your stay in one place be long enough to warrant the trouble of transportation. In making your bed of boughs, re-

member that solid wood, if fitted to the form, is as comfortable as a bed of down. Apply the fact by burrowing or hollowing out cavities to fit the projecting points of hip and shoulder. Cover the boughs with a rubber blanket, in addition to which each member of the party should have a pair of heavy blankets. A small bag, filled with leaves or moss is an improvement on a pair of boots used as a pillow, but not all that nature craves; and at the risk of exciting ridicule—from idiots—I am free to recommend a small, well-filled feather pillow. It pays for itself in a single night's use. A few yards of mosquito netting drawn across the front of the tent after a good smudge is a luxury which declares a big diurnal dividend. For long, forced marches, a hammock made of cotton duck with a cover of the same, but somewhat shorter, buttoned over at each side, and forming a sort of pocket, is, with the addition of rubber blanket, bed and tent combined. A little ingenuity will suggest manner of arranging hoops over the face to cover with canvass or mosquito netting, as circumstances may require.



Don't expect your guide to double carries habitually, rather reduce your baggage or get extra packmen for its transportation—or carry a part of the “duffle” yourself.

A champagne basket, covered with waterproof cloth and provided with shoulder loops for carrying, makes an admirable pack basket. A rubber, or waterproof bag, or an ordinary two-bushel grain bag, with carrying loops of webbing, may be used for extra clothing, blankets, etc. Let your load rest well down on the back to carry.

The camp kit may consist of a long-handled frying

pan, a deep stew pan with a cover, a nest of three or four covered tin pails, for water, tea, coffee, etc., pint tin cups, tin plates, a wire toaster of the gridiron pattern, a ladle or large iron spoon, table and teaspoons, knives and forks, and last but not least, soap, dish cloths and towels.

Carry a pocket compass with you at all times—the best woodsmen are often temporarily at fault. An ordinary lantern for camp use, candles, matches (a few wind-proof and water-proof), towels, tooth brush, comb, pocket mirror, pans, needles and thread, a few extra buttons to match those worn, oil or tallow for your boots, stamped envelopes, light hunting knife in sheath, light axe in sheath. Carry a supply of light reading of the convenient Franklin Square or Lakeside pattern. Take no large boxes with sharp corners, nor any article too heavy or unwieldy for one man to handle.

Camp supplies may be had from hotels generally, but many prefer to carry their own. Veterans need no advice, but to the novice the following suggestions are made. First, consult your cook book. See what is needed in the preparation of proposed dishes and provide accordingly. The following list contains the staple articles: Wheat, Graham flour, corn, and oat meal, beans, Boston and soda crackers, lemon biscuit, baking powder, self-raising flour, maple sugar, loaf sugar, tea, coffee, condensed milk, bottled horseradish, mustard, vinegar, pepper and salt in boxes with perforated covers, dried fruit, canned fruit, butter (packed in salt and enclosed in hermetically sealed cans, which can be anchored in spring holes or under cold running water.) Bacon is extremely nice when sweet, as is also pork, unpoetical but palatable, and on occasion taking place of butter and all the seasonings. Dried beef is an important item; "jerked venison," one of the best things imaginable

to carry when setting out for a tramp ; (ask your guide to show you how it is prepared.) For relishes—shades of mighty trout and speckled beauties forgive us—take a box of red herring. Bermuda onions fill an aching void which nothing else can fill. Canned beef, pork and beans, corn, tomatoes, condensed soup, etc., may be added. Fresh vegetables and potatoes can be had from the hotels. Carry no liquor ; if wet and cold, Jamaica ginger has all the heating properties of whisky ; while strong black coffee is a better stimulant, with none of the evil effects following.



The Medicine Chest need not be extensive. It should, however, contain cathartic pills and a cholera medicine of some kind ; a small bottle of collodion (composed of equal parts of alcohol and ether, with gun-cotton added) about the

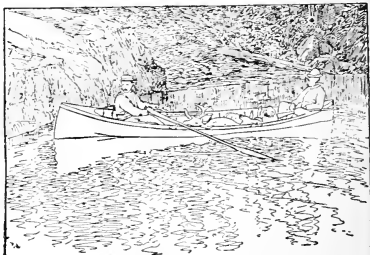
consistency of heavy varnish ; (applied to burns and small wounds, this collodion forms an artificial skin, impervious alike to air and water) ; ammonia (to allay irritation arising from bites of insects) cold cream or glycerine (for chapped face or hands) , court-plaster, seidlitz powders, ointment and adhesive plasters, lint and bandages, to use in case of emergency. To stop the flow of blood from wounds, bind on equal parts of flour and common salt ; for burns, apply wheat flour or collodion.

Insect preparation may be procured of the druggist, or compounded by yourself. The most convenient, and effective perhaps as any, is six parts of mutton tallow to one of oil of pennyroyal, with a little camphor added. Tar ointment in the proportion of two ounces of sweet oil and one of oil of tar is good. ("A coating of the grease from ham rinds, well rubbed on, is the best yet known," says George K.

Holmes, of Great Barrington, Mass.) Anoint exposed portions of the person with any of the above, then stand back and mark the frenzy of the baffled punkey.

Do not rely on what books tell you about sporting outfit. If you know nothing about the subject place yourself under the direction of some one who does, and trust him until you can judge for yourself. The most enticing of fancy flies in the hands of a greenhorn will not yield much sport—except to outsiders—and the grandest achievement in modern firearms requires some skill in using.

If you have the requisite skill, carry a rifle; if not, a fowling-piece is better. For light game, birds, etc., there is perhaps no more convenient or serviceable arm to carry into



camp than the "pocket" rifle, manufactured by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company of Chicopee Falls, Mass. A 12 to 15-inch barrel, .42-calibre, is recommended. The weight is less than three pounds. A shot-gun barrel is also made to fit the same frame, so that either may be used at will.

Are you artistic? Carry a camera of the Kodak pattern or with small plate. A plate large enough to make a lantern slide yields a larger percentage of comfort compared with trouble than any other size made.

CHAPTER III.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND THE EASTERN BORDER RESORTS

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, a Frenchman, was the first white man known to have seen the Adirondacks when, in 1609, he accompanied a band of Indians from the St. Lawrence on an expedition against their southern enemies, and as graphically told by the adventurer himself "encountered a war party of the Iroquois on the 29th of the month, about ten o'clock at night, at the point of a cape which puts out into the lake on the west side." A battle ensued in which Champlain astonished the enemy and proved the superiority of fire-arms over savage spear and arrow. This happened the same year that Hendrick Hudson sailed up the river that now bears his name, and eleven years before the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. Champlain wrote an account of the affair, calling the sheet of water explored by his own name—Lake Champlain. It may be worthy of note that exactly two centuries after Champlain's passage in a canoe, and one year after Fulton's steamboat went up the Hudson, the first steamboat was launched on Lake Champlain.

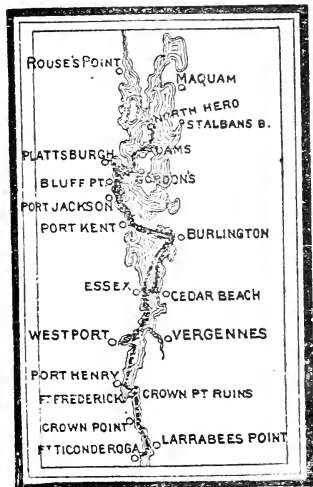
Lake Champlain is very like a long, slim radish in shape, with long roots and outbranching river fibers. Whitehall is at the little (south) end of the radish ; at Burlington it is quite a respectable vegetable ; then come blotches of rock and islands, and beyond that, the leaves, spreading out on either side and toward the North overlapping the Canada line.

On the east is Vermont, sweeping away in a broad,

cultivated plain that gradually ascends to the ridges of the Green Mountains. Along the southern and central portion of the lake the rocky, western shores come abruptly to the water's edge. Backward, rising ridge on ridge, the highest, misty with distance, are the Adirondack mountains. Here and there are little

bits of cultivated land and breaks in the mountains that are the gateways to the wilderness. Farther north the mountains fall away from the lake and a level, well-cultivated country presents itself.

The distance from Whitehall to Fort Montgomery, according to the United States coast survey, is $107\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Its greatest width, which is near the outlet of Ausable river, is $12\frac{1}{8}$ miles. Measuring north into Missisquoi bay on the east side, (which extends down into Canada, and is separated from the



MAP OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN

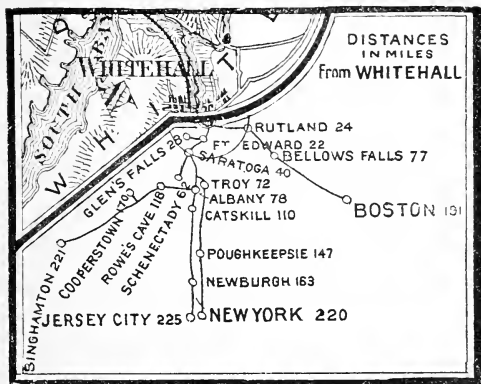
Showing Steamboat Route.

outlet by Alburgh Tongue), the extreme length of the lake is about 118 miles. Its elevation above tide is 99 feet. Its greatest depth (at a point $1\frac{3}{8}$ miles southeast of Essex landing) 399 feet.

The principal islands are near the north end. The two largest are known respectively as North and South

Hero, and collectively as Grand Isle, the two forming a county in Vermont.

Whitehall, at the head of Lake Champlain, is 219 miles north of New York, and 78 from Albany.



The "D. & H." Railroad extending along the west shore of Lake Champlain, is a link in the air line between New York and Montreal, and the main artery of travel between the two great cities. At various points, rail or stage routes diverge, leading into the wilderness.

Steamboats, in which the traveling public may have an interest, belong to the Champlain Transportation Company, of which D. A. Loomis is General Manager, with office at Burlington, Vt. Steamer "Vermont" runs on Lake Champlain to connect with steamer on Lake George, exchanging passengers by shuttle train between the two lakes.



FORT TICONDEROGA RUINS.

Steamer Vermont is a graceful vessel, designed specially for pleasure travel, a splendid piece of shipcraft, new for the season of 1903, taking the place of the old boat of the same name which is now withdrawn. It leaves Plattsburg at 7 a. m., touches at intermediate landings and reaches Fort Ticonderoga about noon. Returning, arrives at Plattsburg at 7 p. m. During the summer season a connecting train is run from Plattsburg to Montreal.

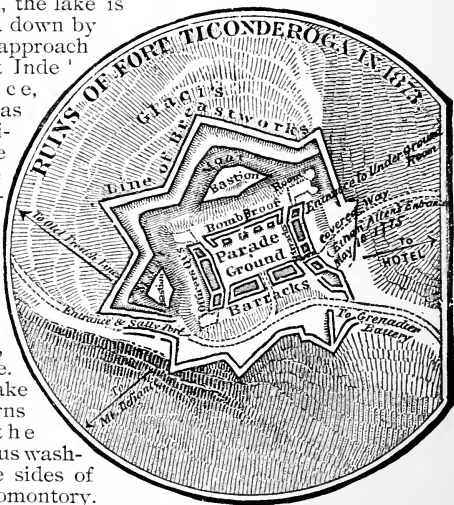
Steamer Ticonderoga leaves Westport at 6:45 a. m. daily, Sunday excepted, and touching at points (see map) reaches St. Albans Bay 1 p. m.; returning, touches as above, and arrives at Westport 7 p. m.

Steamer Chateaugay operates regular schedule during July and August on Mondays and Saturdays between St. Albans Bay and Burlington. Balance of time is used for excursion business between the different points of interest.

Fort Ticonderoga is 24 miles north of Whitehall on a bold promontory between the outlet of Lake George and the waters of Lake Champlain. Here were enacted the principal events in the play of the Lake, where three great nations struggled for the prize of a continent. Here precious blood flowed like water, for it was the key to the "gate of the country," and by its position elected to become historic ground. The name is the composite of attempts to convey the Indian sound, in English, of Tienderoga, Cheonderoga, or as we have it now— "Ticonderoga"—meaning the coming together or meeting of waters.

The old battery on the bluff was a part of the original Carillon built by the French in 1755.

Back on the higher grounds are the barrack walls, trenches, bastions, and a bomb-proof room, which some authorities say was the magazine, while others contend that it was the humble but equally necessary bakery. On the east, by the side of the road, is the old fort well. Leading from the southeast corner of the parade toward this old well, is the covered way, through which Ethan Allen went in the gray of the morning, in 1775. On the west is Mount Defiance. Between it and the fort the outlet of Lake George enters Lake Champlain. At the southeast, the lake is narrowed down by the near approach of Mount Independence, which was also fortified while St. Claire held command; between the two points ran the chain, or floating, bridge. The lake here turns toward the north, thus washing three sides of the promontory.



The Old Fort and Garrison grounds consisting of about 700 acres were ceded by the state toward the close of the century to Columbia and Union Colleges, and in 1818 purchased by William Pell, the great-grandfather of the present owner, Stephen H. P. Pell. Efforts have been repeatedly made to interest both the state and national governments in the care of the old fort, the owners expressing a willingness to sell at a nominal price if the preservation could be guaranteed, but in vain. They have now undertaken the restoration of the old building as nearly on original lines as can be determined.

Larrabee's Point is on the Vermont shore, a mile north of the ruins. For hotel see page 198.

Crown Point Landing is 11 miles north of Fort Ticonderoga.

Crown Point Ruins are six miles north of Crown Point landing. The lake is here narrowed down by



APPROACHING CROWN POINT RUINS FROM THE SOUTH.

1 Crown Point Light House ; 2 Fort Henry ; 3 Chimney Point

the land extending from the west on which the ruins stand, its easternmost point marked by a stone light-house. Chimney Point approaches from the east side. Beyond the light-house, at the narrowest place in the passage, are the scarcely visible remains of Fort St. Frederick, built by the French in 1731. Crown Point



CROWN POINT RUINS.

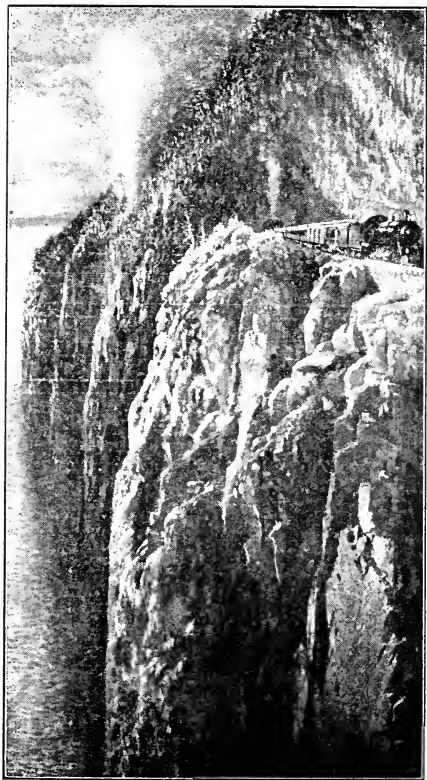
Fort standing over toward the west was commenced by Amherst in 1759, and completed at an expense of over ten million dollars. The extensive earth-works, and the walls of the barracks, still in a good state of preservation, indicate the strength and extent of the fortification—from which, however, no gun was ever fired at an approaching foe. Dr. Bixby designates the shores of the peninsula west of the ruins as the probable site of Champlain's battle with the Iroquois in 1609.



In absence of positive proof there is much historical evidence to indicate that the battle did really occur here. No historic point on the lake is thrust forward "from the west shore" into more unavoidable prominence.

The land on which the ruins stand, 25 acres in extent, was presented to the State in 1910 by Witherbee, Sherman & Co., of Port Henry, to be held forever as public property.

The Champlain Memorial is being erected here at the extremity of the point. It takes the form of a monumental light house, built jointly by the States of Vermont and New York. A heroic statue of Champlain in bronze faces the east and in the



THE RED ROCKS OF WILLSBOROUGH.

base is Rodin's symbolic "La France," which was presented by France to the United States and installed with becoming ceremonies by a distinguished company of citizens of our sister Republic, who came over the ocean for that purpose. The Monument is a fitting memorial to the discover, who gave his name to the noble lake.

Port Henry, two miles northwest of Crown Point Ruins, is exceedingly picturesque, with a number of elegant private residences, occupied by the iron magnates of that section.

The Lee House is an excellent hotel. J. E. McNulty, proprietor. Rates \$2-\$3 per day. Open all the year. Free bus to trains.

The G. R. Sherman, steam ferry boat, runs six round trips daily (4 trips Sundays) through the summer months between Port Henry and Chimney Point on the Vermont shore, landing at Fort Frederick on signal. Boat leaves Port Henry at 7.30 a. m. and Chimney Point at 8, and at two-hour intervals thereafter. Fare for automobiles or double teams, with driver, between points, 65 cents; single horse 40 cents; for the single passenger, 15 cents.

* * * * *

The Lake Champlain and Moriah R. R. is seven miles long, extending from Port Henry to the ore beds at Mineville 1,300 feet above. The grade at one point is 256 1-2 feet to the mile. The average is 211 feet. It contains three "Y's," where the nature of the ascent renders a curve impracticable.

Moriah is two miles west of Port Henry (Hotel Sherman). Schroon River is 17 miles (Carson's); thence west to Newcomb (36 miles) and to Long Lake, a total of 50 miles. Stage daily, Sundays excepted.

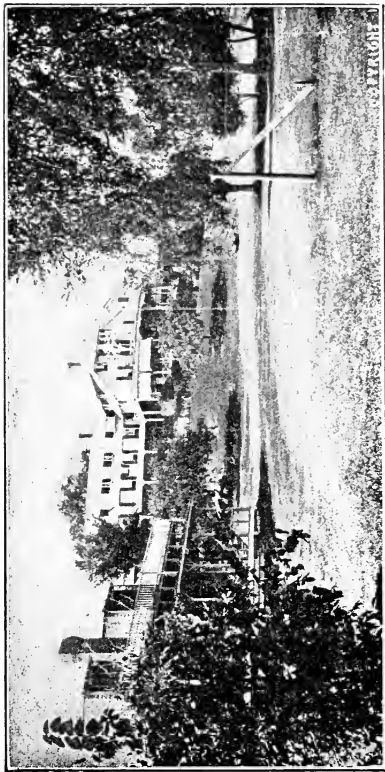
Westport is a pretty little village, on a deep bay, setting into the western shore of Northwest bay, 25 miles north of Fort Ticonderoga and 40 miles south of Plattsburg. It is a favorite gateway into Elizabethtown and Keene Valley and possesses in its broader environment attractions that recommend it to the summer visitor above most interior resorts.

The **Westport Inn** strands on the brow of an abrupt eminence a hundred feet above the lake and overlooks a tennis lawn shaded by fine elms, the picturesque steamboat landing, the great sweeping ampitheatre of hillside leading away to right and left, the circling shore of the bay and the beautiful chain of Green Mountains across in Vermont. The house has broad piazzas and is neat and well furnished from basement to belvedere. It has cozy parlors and dining-room, with large open fire-places. The table is superior and the service most efficient. There are bath rooms and perfect drainage. Water comes from a wonderful mountain spring 500 feet above the lake. A

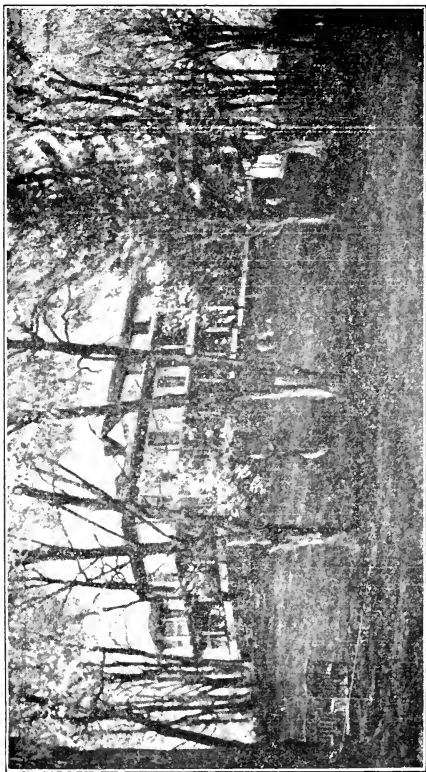


number of detached cottages add to the attractions, furnishing altogether accommodations for 150 guests. Golf

links on rolling ground afford an excellent course with interesting hazards. Good boating and fishing facilities and bathing places with fine bot



THE WESTPORT INN.



GLENWOOD INN.

tom, and convenient bath houses, are here. The golf club house has billiard and pool tables and a shower bath. There are two small steamers and a launch for rent. The Champlain steamers touch four times each day at the wharf at the foot of the grove. Excursions by these steamers, running at convenient hours, are popular. Long distance telephone and W. U. telegraph in the house. H. P. Smith, who has been connected with the Inn since its opening, is manager. Mr. Smith is also manager of "The Foothills," Nordhoff, Southern California.

Glenwood Inn. at the north edge of the village, spreads an exceptionally good and wholesome table. Rates \$2 per day. Special on application. John L. Sherman, proprietor. It has most of the commercial travel and is open all the year. Free carriage to station.

The Westport, a small house at the station, should not be confounded with "**The Westport Inn**," mentioned above.

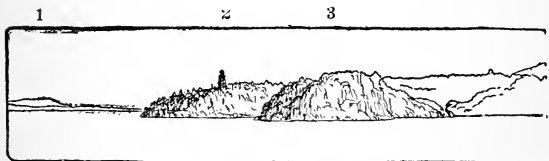
The Elizabethtown Terminal Railroad, extending from Westport station to Elizabethtown, 7 miles distant, is now under construction to be ready for traffic late in the season. Transfer is now by auto-stage and private conveyance.

A small propeller runs from Westport to Vergennes daily, on arrival of steamer Vermont from the south, returning in the morning to connect with the south-bound boat.

Split Rock Mountain extends along the west shore, terminating in a sharp point 8 miles north of Westport. Barn Rock (a corruption probably of Barren Rock) shows the upturned edges of strata lying at a sharp angle with the surface in a bold

little way north, are grand perpendicular cliffs. Rock Harbor, a mile further north, shows an "effort," where Gotham's one time Boss, Tweed, tried his hand at digging ore. Grog Harbor—a charming little cove despite its name—is near the northern end of Split Rock Mountain.

Split Rock is at the northern end of the



SPLIT ROCK FROM THE NORTH.

1 Grand View Mt., Vt.; 2 Split Rock Light; 3 Split Rock.

mountain bearing the same name. In the uncertain records of old Indian treaties, it is claimed that this rock marked the boundry line between the tribes of the St. Lawrence and those of the Mohawk Valley.

Otter Creek enters the lake from the east something over five miles north of Westport. This is the longest river in Vermont and is navigable to Vergennes whose spires may be seen some distance inland. Fort Cassin stood at the mouth of Otter Creek. Bits of the ruins are still visible. Within the creek a portion of the American squadron was fitted out in 1814, which, under Commodore McDonough defeated the British Commodore Downie, at Plattsburgh, in September of that year.

Vergennes is eight miles back from the lake as Otter Creek runs, although in an air line but lit

tle more than half that distance. It is one of the oldest cities in New England, chartered in 1788. It is also the smallest incorporated city in the country. The city limits include an area of 1 1-4 x 1 1-2 miles.

Essex, a small vilage on the west shore, is 10 miles north of Westport. The Boquet river empties into the lake four miles north of Essex landing. It is navigable for about a mile. It was a rendezvous of Burgoyne's flotilla, in the advance on Ticonderoga, in 1777, and in 1812 was entered by British gunboats to work the destruction of the little village of Willsborough, a mile inland.

Willsborough Point, a low peninsula about four miles long by one wide, separates Willsborough Bay from the main lake.

The Four Brothers are near the middle of the lake east of Willsborough Point. Here occurred the running engagement between Benedict Arnold and Captain Pringle, in 1776, in which the English were victorious. Juniper Island is northeast of the Brothers surmounted by a lighthouse.

After leaving Essex Landing the boat passes the Vermont side in the approach to Burlington. Back inland are the two highest peaks of the Green Mountains—Mansfield, 4,360 feet above the tide, and Camel's Hump, the Leon Couchant of the French.

Shelburne Harbor is east of Pottier's Point. Here are the shipyards of the Champlain Transportation Company. It is worthy of note that but one year after Robert Fulton's steamboat was launched on the Hudson River a steamboat was launched at Burlington. It could run five miles an hour without heating the shaft!

Rock Dunder is a prominent object, as we near Burlington. It is a sharp cone, 20 feet high, above water, believed by Winslow C. Watson, the historian, to be the famous "Rock Regio" so frequently mentioned in colonial records.

Burlington is a city of nearly 25,000 inhabitants, 80 miles north of Whitehall. Burlington has quite an extensive lumber market and also a varied line of manufacturing interests, including cotton and woolen textiles, refrigerators, chairs, screens, blinds, doors, sash and machinery. Two railroads center here, the Portland and the Central Vermont. Direct train service is had with noted eastern mountain and coast resorts. The distance from Burlington to Montreal is 95 miles; to Fabyans, 120; to Portland, 211; to Lake Winnetoesaukee, 140, to Concord, 174; to Boston, 230.

The Champlain Transportation Company operating the lake steamers has its general office here.

The steamer "**Ticonderoga**" was built in 1906, is in service from April to December each year, and during the season of summer tourist travel, June to September, operates a round trip between Westport and St. Albans Bay each day, touching at Burlington, Port Kent, Plattsburg and the Islands.

The "**Ticonderoga**" is 220 feet long, 57 feet 9 inch beam over all, hull of steel, with three water tight bulkheads, steered and heated by steam, and lighted by electricity; is a modern, up-to-date vessel in every respect, and is in construction very similar to the "**Sagamore**" on Lake George.

The steamer "**Chateaugay**" is in service June 15 to September 15 each year, and is employed in

handling excursion traffic during the summer months, and on Mondays and Saturdays performs regular service between Burlington and St. Albans Bay.

The **Lake Champlain Club** has a convenient club house a little way north of the steamboat landing.

Clochester Point reaches half way out across the broad lake north of Burlington, and still further west are Clochester reefs and light-house—a blood-red light marking the outermost rock at night.

Port Kent is on the west shore of the lake 10 miles from Burlington.

Trembleu Hall on the high land a half mile north of the station, is most attractive. Capacity 125. Farrell & Agate, proprietors. Rates \$3.00 to \$4 per day, \$15.75 to \$21 per week. Free carriages to trains and boats.

Farrell of Trembleau receives you at the station with glowing face and official cap, a genial, big bodied reception committee, jovially pleased to meet you. Mrs. Adgate's welcome at the Hall though quiet, is equally cordial. At once you feel at home with the freedom of the unwatched. There is no suggestion here of hand out-stretched with upturned palm. There is no thought of locked doors or barred preserves. The place is yours to occupy in comfort. The house stands on high land overlooking the lake, surrounded by locust and maple trees with stately Lombardy poplars, lawn is like velvet, the walks gleaming white as

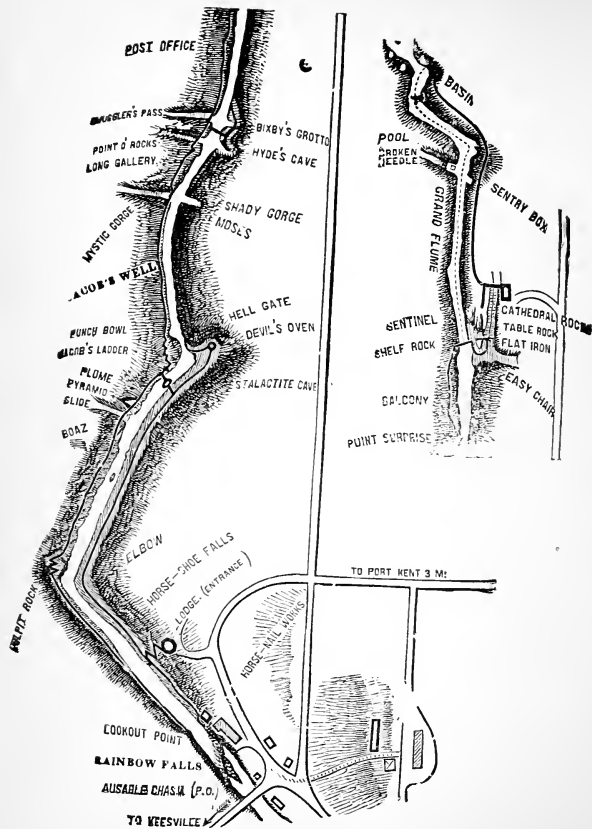


TREMBLEAU HALL.

they run to various points. The table is wholesome abundant, cleanly and with pleasing service. A broad piazza and rustic summer house are available for lounging. Open fire places are in the public rooms, electric lights throughout in public and private places. It has modern plumbing and sanitary appliances. A feature of perennial interest to young and old who enjoy the piano, the dancing, the amateur theatricals and the games which are liable to last far into the night, is the casino removed some distance from the main building. For meditation is the open grove of thrifty pines on high ground backward from the house, where the ground is carpeted with the brown needles. For excursions a gentle climb may be had to the top of Trembleau Mountain at the south, or a walk to the mouth of the Au Sable River at the north, or a trip to Au Sable Chasm, three miles away, by the electric car which runs at convenient intervals—this last being one of the essentials of the day and place.

The K. AuS. C. & L. C. R. R. runs from Port Kent, passing over AuSable Chasm (3 miles) near its head, affording a good view of Rainbow Falls and continuing 2 miles further reaches Keeseville, the end of the road. At Au Sable Chasm Station busses are taken (25 cents round trip) for **Hotel AuSable Chasm** (\$4 up per day). Accommodations are here in house and cottages for 200. A large share of the patronage of the house is in excursion parties. House and chasm are owned by stock company. Thos. F. Quinlan, Manager.

Au Sable Chasm affords a fine illustration of rock fracture and erosion. Admission is gained through the lodge, a picturesque octagonal build-



POST OFFICE

MUGGLER'S PASS

POINT O' ROCKS
LONG GALLERY

BIXBY'S GROTTO

HYDE'S CAVE

MYSTIC GORGE

SHADY GORGE

MOON'S WELL

PUNCH BOWL

MOON'S LADDER

PLUME
PYRAMID

GLIDE

BOAZ

HELL GATE

DEVIL'S OVEN

STALACTITE CAVE

RABBIT ROCK

ELBOW

HORSE-SHOE FALLS

LODGE (ENTRANCE)

HORSE-NAIL ROCKS

LOOKOUT POINT

RAINBOW FALLS

AUSABLE CHASM (P.O.)

TO KEESVILLE

TO PORT KENT 3 MI

BASIN

POOL
BROKEN
JEEDELE

GRAND FLUME

SENTRY BOX

SENTINEL

SHELF ROCK

SALCONY

POINT SURPRISE

CATHEDRAL

TABLE ROCK

FLAT IRON

EASY CHAIR

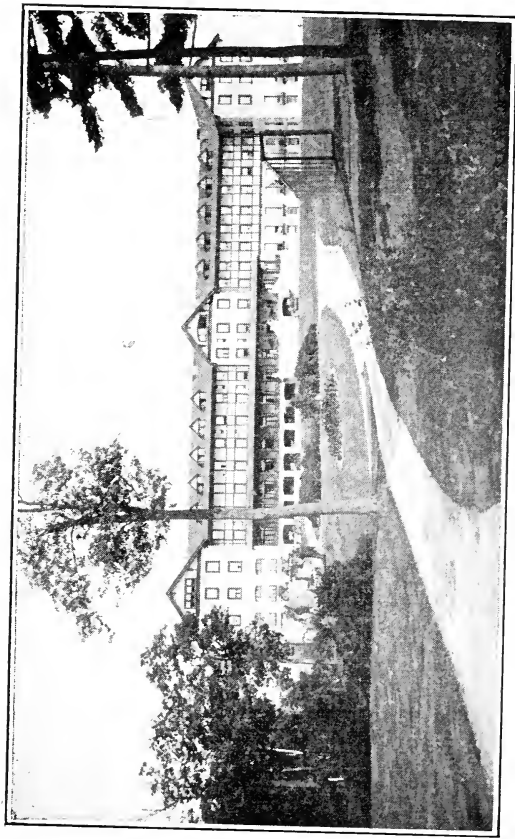
ROCK

ing near its head. Entrance fee, 75 cents. The boat ride is 50 cents additional, including carriage back to hotel or station. Large parties are admitted at reduced rates. Guides are unnecessary, as guide-boards and signs call attention to notable places. The chasm is something over a mile in length from Rainbow Falls to the Basin, and upwards of a hundred feet in depth, the enclosing walls at points rising vertically from the water.

Returning to the steamer, we see, three miles north of the landing at Port Kent, the sandy mouth of the Au Sable river. "Au Sable means "of sand." Across from this point is the widest uninterrupted portion of the lake, the distance being nearly eleven miles.

Valcour Island is about six miles north of Port Kent, the steamer passing between it and the main land on the west. Here October 11, 1776, the first naval engagement of the Revolution occurred, between the British, under command of Captain Thomas Pringle, and the Americans under Benedict Arnold. The American fleet was destroyed. The wreck of the "Royal Savage" lies under water at the south end of Valcour Island. In this engagement, although defeated, Arnold acquitted himself in such a manner as to win the admiration of his enemies and the approval of his superior officers.

Benedict Arnold was born in Norwich, Conn., January 3d, 1741, and died in London, June 14, 1801. As a youth, turbulent; as a soldier, ambitious and bold to rashness. Jealous of his fellow officers, the transition from discontented rebel to infamous traitor was easy. A brilliant commander—his fall was like that of Lucifer.

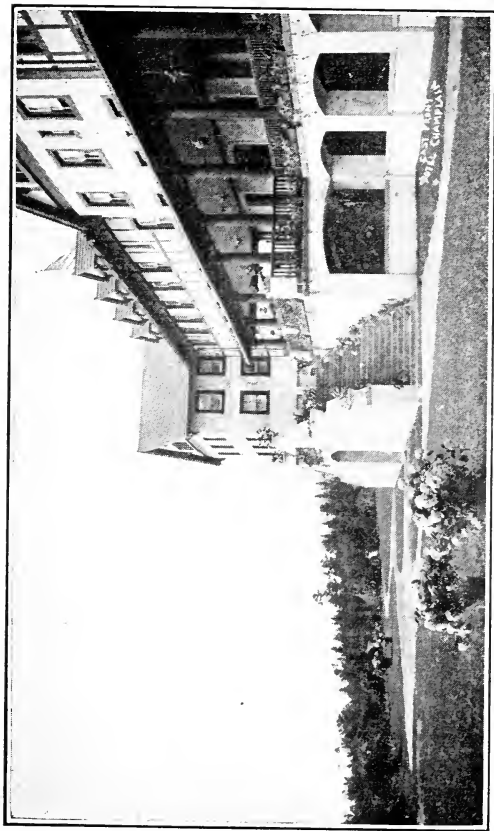


HOTEL CHAMPLAIN

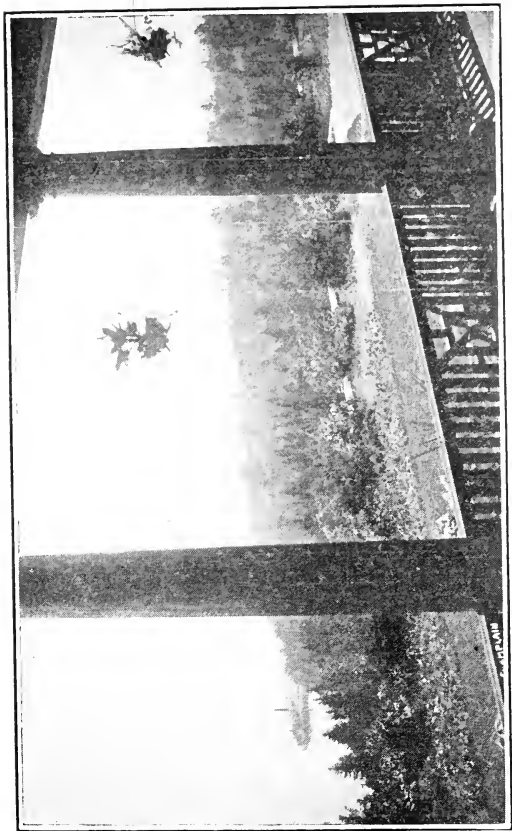
Hotel Champlain, the new (rebuilt), is situated on a lofty bluff on the west shore of Lake Champlain overlooking a mighty expanse of water on the east and north and south, and westward a far reaching plain of checkered field and forest that vanishes into blue where the Adirondacks in a great panorama of separated mountain peaks rise up beyond. With no near mountain heights to dwarf its own storg setting Bluff Point commands scenes wonderfully varied yet restful to a degree that few places can approach.

Valcour Island lies below like a garden bordered with its varying belt of shrubbery. Beyond dotted here and there with islands, stretches the broad lake to the shores of Vermont, the Green Mountains beyond rising into the heights of Camel's Hump and Mount Mansfield. North and east are Grand Isle and the Great Back Bay; at the north, Cumberland Head, the sweeping circle of Plattsburg Bay, where occurred that splendid naval battle of 1814, (—the last, as the battle of Valcour, 1775, was the first, with the mother country—) and nearer, the little island where sleep the dead of that eventful day.

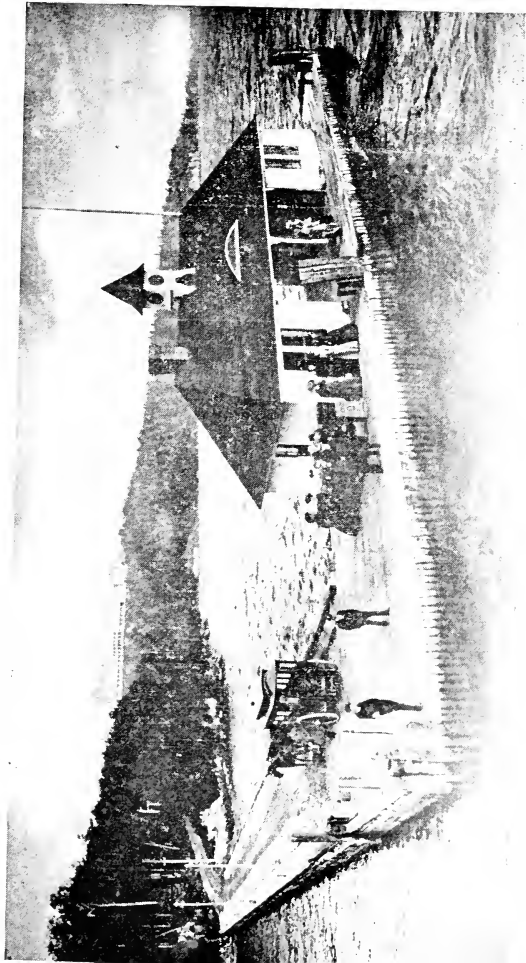
Surrounding the hotel is a wooded park of eight hundred acres traversed by winding drives and shaded walks, with rustic seats and pavilions at notable view-points. A number of commodious cottages subject to special assignment of guests are scattered about on the grounds. A wide sandy beach—the Beach of the "Singing Sands"—extends along the lake shore with bathing houses, boat house, etc. Tennis court (with dirt floor) is on the lawn in front of the house on the west.



HOTEL CHAMPLAIN, EAST FRONT.



LAKE CHAMPLAIN.
(Steamboat Landing from the Hotel.)



STEAMBOAT LANDING AT HOTEL CHAMPLAIN.

Along the lake shore toward the south, and extending over rolling country westward is an eighteen-hole golf course with commodious club house. This course has been recently greatly improved and extended, and is a prime favorite among discriminating players.

The new hotel is furnished in Louis XVI style and in its equipment combines every modern convenience and is believed to be entirely fire-proof. It will open for the season of 1912 under the personal management of Mortimer M. Kelly. Address for reservations or particulars here during the season. See page 199.

Cliff Haven, site of the Champlain Summer School, is just north of Bluff Point—in summer a busy village and a center of intellectual advance.

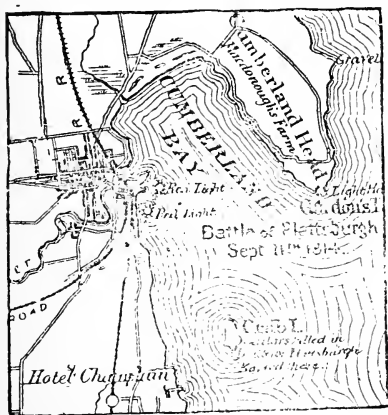
Isle San Michel (of old called Crab Island) is the burial place of the sailors and marines who fell in the battle of Plattsburgh. North of this, and projecting well out across the lake, is Cumberland Head, from which the shore recedes toward the north and west, then comes back in a wide sweep, embracing Cumberland Bay.

The Battle of Plattsburgh took place here in 1814. Stripped of detail, the account of this decisive battle is as follows: On Sabbath morning, September 11th, 1814, the American land forces under General McComb, and the American fleet under Commodore Macdonough, were simultaneously attacked by the British land and water forces, under General Sir George Prevost and Commodore Downie. The engagement resulted

in a complete victory for the Americans, only a few small boats of the enemy effecting a successful retreat. The British also lost immense stores, abandoned in their retreat—which served them right for breaking the Sabbath.

The Barracks, occupied by several companies of soldiers forming a regular U. S. Army post, are near the lake shore, about a mile south of Plattsburgh.

Plattsburg, on the west shore of Cumberland Bay, is a thriving city of 8,000 inhabitants. It is of considerable commercial importance, being on the direct line between New York and Montreal, 311 miles from the former and 74 miles from the latter.



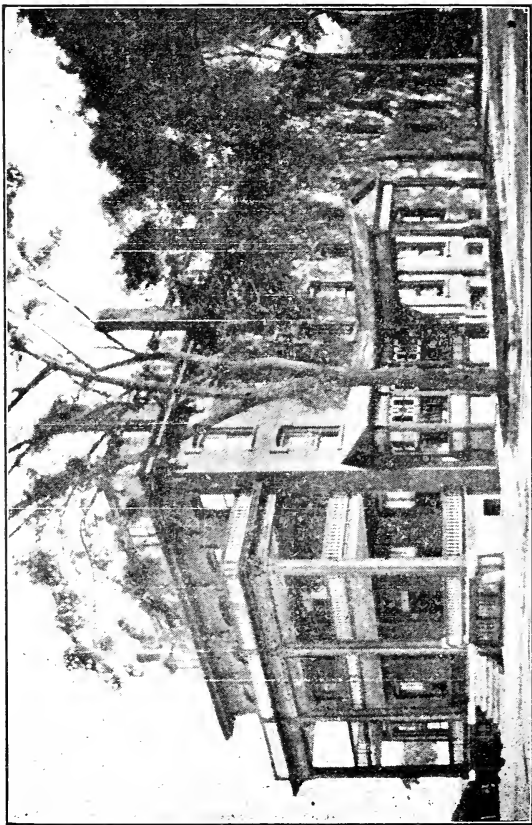
“Plattsburg is thoroughly cosmopolitan, with an opinion to offer on every question of the day, exerting no mean influence through its wide-awake daily newspapers and its notable weekly, the Plattsburg Republican”—instituted

in 1811—and notwithstanding its age, one of the most reliable and ably conducted Democratic

weeklies in the State. The town has numerous churches, high and graded schools, State Normal School

The First Settler in this region was Count Charles de Fredenburgh, a captain in the English army. The wararnt conveying the land to him bore date June 11, 1769. The property reverting to the state after the Revolution, was granted in 1784, to Zephaniah Platt and others, and incorporated into the town of Plattsburgh. April 4, 1785. A company was then organized which, in June of the same year, erected a mill a Fredenburgh Falls. The estimate of expense contained, among other items, the following: "For bread, \$65; for rum, \$80." They used a great deal of bread in those days. In the year 1800 Plattsburg possessed a population of less than 300. Within the county limits were owned at this time 58 slaves

The Fouquet House is convenient to the station and very desirable as a stopover place for those entering or coming from the wilderness to take trains or boats north or south. It was famous of old under the Fouquet's, father and son, and advertised so extensively abroad that foreigners gained the impression it was about the only way by which the Adirondacks could be reached. Now it has become the property of R. J. Clark of the New Cumberland, and by him thoroughly renovated, repaired and fitted with modern conveniences, and necessary luxuries, and takes its place again as an important feature in the approach to the great North Woods. Transient rates \$3.00 and up per day, with special rates for families or extended stay.



FOUQUET HOUSE.

The **New Cumberland** is on the main street and leads as the commercial hotel. It has electric elevator, steam heat and electric lights. Rates, \$2.50.

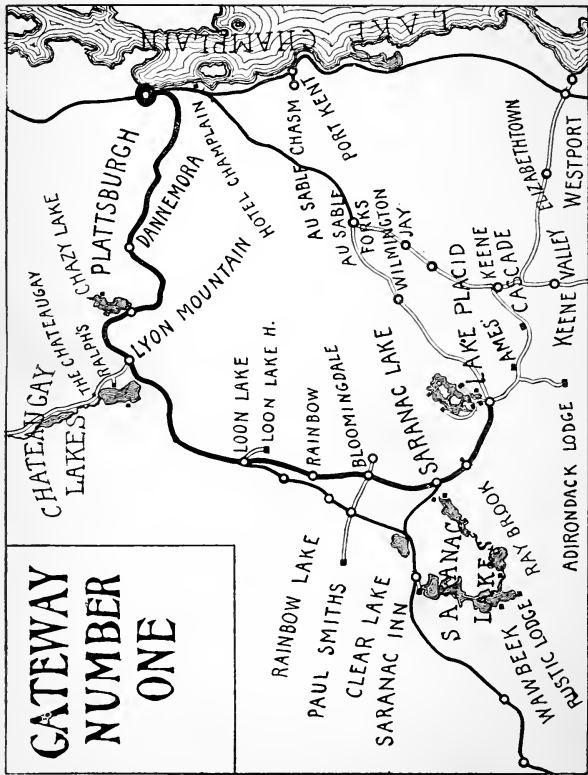
The **Witherell Hotel** is a fine house, with an excellent reputation. W. H. Howell, proprietor. Rates, \$2.50 up. It has a grill room and caters acceptably to automobile tourists.

It is quite the correct thing for parties bound south over Lake Champlain, arriving in Plattsburgh at night, to go aboard the steamer "Vermont," where excellent accommodations are provided, and rise and breakfast at their leisure after the boat leaves her dock in the morning.

Cumberland Head, near which occurred the naval battle of 1814, is three miles from Plattsburgh. Continuing northward the west shore is low but picturesque in its irregular line of deep bays and projecting points, but of little interest historically except for the old fort that once stood on Point au Fer, built, according to the best authorities, in 1774, and the still older one, Fort St. Anne, on Isle La Motte, built in 1660.

Rouse's Point, according to the United States Coast Survey, is about 107 miles north of Whitehall. It is a place of considerable commercial interest, and the most important port of entry on the frontier.

GATEWAY NUMBER ONE



CHAPTER IV.

INTO THE NORTHWEST LAKE REGION VIA THE BRANCH OF THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD.

Gateway No. I leads from Plattsburg into the Great Northwest Lake Region over the Chateaugay Branch of the Delaware & Hudson, dividing the patronage of the central and westerly resorts with Gateway No. 9.

The first section of the railroad was built by the State from Plattsburg to Clinton Prison, at Dannemora, 17 miles. In 1880 the road was extended to Lyon Mountain, 17 miles further; but the influx of Adirondack tourists was increasing, and the road that climbed an altitude of 2,000 feet to reach the iron mines of Lyon Mountain, must go farther into the wilderness. So it was extended to Loon Lake. In 1888, 19 miles were added, bringing it to Saranac Lake, distributing its passengers by various stage routes that branch from it to a score or more of summer hotels. By it tourists reach Chazy, Chateaugay, Loon, Rainbow, St. Regis, Upper and Lower Saranac Lakes, Ray Brook and Lake Placid, going to Cascade Lakes and Adirondack Lodge by stage. Sleeping cars run through from New York to Lake Placid without change.

Through cars leaving New York in the morning arrive at Saranac Lake and Lake Placid in the evening, enabling passengers to take the stage ride from the railroad to the various hotels in the cool of the day. Drawing-room cars are run on through trains. Sleeping and drawing-room car accommodations can be secured in advance at any of the stations.

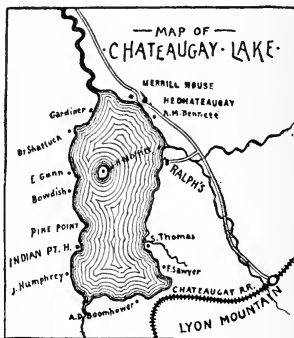
Dannemora is 17 miles from and 1,300 feet above Plattsburg. Clinton prison is situated here, and affords a quiet home for a number of people of leisure, who pass their time in meditation, making clothing, and other congenial pursuits. From Dannemora, the road swings westerly, around the south side of Johnson Mountain, then north, near the west shore of Chazy Lake, then west, and southerly to the mines at Lyon Mountain, running 17 miles to reach a point nine miles distant in a straight line.

Chazy Lake is nearly four miles long and one mile wide. It has three hotels, Lake View House, capacity 30; Maple View Cottage, capacity 12, both at the south end of the lake near the railroad station; and Chazy Lake House, near the north end of the lake, which may be reached by row-boat from Chazy Lake station or by carriage from Dannemora.

Lyon Mountain is the center of the iron-mining operations of the Chateaugay Ore & Iron Co. Practically inexhaustible beds of magnetic iron ore exist here and extensive mining operations were carried on until fire destroyed the main works and building ceased. Blast furnaces for smelting the ore are at Standish, five miles distant. The quality of this ore is so good that the old Catalan

Forge method of making blooms was in operation until quite recently. A price of \$125 has been paid per ton for this iron. A part of a day can be spent here profitably inspecting the mines. Ordinarily it is not a pleasure seeker's resort. Passengers are conveyed from Lyon Mountain station by stage to resorts on the Upper and Lower Chateaugay Lakes.

Upper Chateaugay Lake is about four miles in length and one broad. It empties at the north into the Lower Lake, which is somewhat smaller than the upper. It is picturesque with surrounding mountains and rugged shores. It is reached by stage from Lyon Mountain, 4 miles, and from Chateaugay Station on the O. & L. C. R. R. by an 8-mile stage ride and by connecting boat through the lower lake and narrows. It has a number of summer hotels and cottage-camps on its shores. The smaller game birds and water fowl are here in their season, squirrels and foxes abound, and deer and bear are not uncommon additions to the list of the killed. **A Small Steamboat** runs through the lower and upper lakes, landing at all camps and hotels. Fare 50 cents. An excursion down the winding stream that connects the two lakes brings to view at intervals a section of country that has been long settled.



Morrison's (formerly **Ralph's**) is on the east shore 3 1-2 miles from Lyon Mountain, with capacity in hotel cottages for about 150 guests. It has telegraph office and two mails daily. Stage to all trains at Lyon Mountain; fare 75 cents. Rates \$2 to \$3 per day; \$12 to \$20 per week. Andrew and Thomas A. Morrison, proprietors.

Indian Point House is on the west side of the lake near its south end; capacity about 40 guests. For rates apply. R. M. Shutts, proprietor. Post-office address, Merrill's, N. Y. Fare to railroad, \$1.25.

Merrill's (P. O. and Telephone) is near the outlet at the north end of the lake, 4 miles from Lyon Mountain station. Stage 75 cents.

The Merrill House has capacity for about 60. Oliver Young, proprietor.

Lower Chateaugay Lake is about 2 1-2 miles in length, and less than a mile in width, with nice shores and sloping hills on either side. It is reached from the Upper Lake by a winding stream four miles in length, through which the little steamer runs.

The Banner House, on the east side near the north end of the lake, will provide for 75 guests in house and adjoining cottages. J. S. Kirby, proprietor. Postoffice, Bannerhouse. Rates \$2 to \$2.50 day; \$10 to \$15 week.

Chateaugay (gateway No. 16, station on the O. & L. C. R. R. 45 miles west of Rouse's Point), is 8 miles north of Lower Chateaugay Lake on the Chateaugay river, which continues northward to the St. Lawrence. It is a thriving village of about 700 population.

Chateaugay Chasm, 1½ miles north of the station, rivals Ausable Chasm in many respects,

and deserves to rank among the wonders of the Adirondack region.

* * * *

Returning to Lyon Mountain we swing around its west side, getting a beautiful and comprehensive view of Chateaugay Lake where the woods have been cut away for that purpose. Then come forge and coal-kilns, beyond which, winding west and south, the road penetrates a wild and interesting section of wilderness, until Loon Lake is reached.

Loon Lake extends south from the station, and is about two and a half miles long. It is an extremely pretty sheet, with high banks and irregular shores.

* * * *

Loon Lake House stands at its south end on a high ridge, which, like the rim of some wide-mouthed volcano, holds the lake within its circling walls, while beyond the land drops rapidly down into the deep valley of the Saranac. The house and cottages has capacity for 350 guests. The accomodations are superior and the table above criticism. Of course such service as is found here costs money, concerning which, address Loon Lake Company, Loon Lake, N. Y. Automobiles meet all trains at the station. Fare 75c.

Here the Adirondack Division of the N. Y. C. parallels the D. & H. line and the two run together for some distance south then gradually draw apart, the D. & H. continuing south, the Central swinging westerly. Lake Kushaqua is 4 miles south of Loon Lake Station.

Bloomingdale is 66 miles from Plattsburg, a quiet little town with Whiteface Mountain, the salient feature on the east.

* * * * *

The Sanatorium Gabriels is on "Sunset Mount" overlooking Lucretia Lake and Gabriels Station, on the Adirondack Division of the New York Central. It was opened in 1897. A group of substantial cottages surround the larger Administration Building. Patients suffering from lung troubles, who are pronounced curable by competent authority, are eligible. There is no discrimination on account of race or creed. It is in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, who may be addressed at Gabriels, N. Y.

"Forest Leaves," a woodsy little magazine, is published here quarterly. Its cover is a dream its contents of gentle, wholesome character, suggested by its title and its cost is only one dollar

Paul Smith's is on Lower St. Regis Lake, 7 miles west of Bloomingdale station and 5 miles north of Lake Clear Junction from which a spur runs direct to the hotel. Paul Smith came here in 1861 and built a small house for the accommodation of sportsmen. It soon became a favorite fishing and hunting resort, and grew rapidly in bulk and popularity. It is still much visited for sport and leads as a fashionable resort. Parlor and sleeping cars run through to New York over the Adirondack Div. N. Y. C. R. R. a year.

Lower St. Regis Lake is about two miles long by one broad, and discharges west through the middle branch of the St. Regis River. It is about

1,600 feet above tide. The only elevation of note in this section is **St. Regis Mountain**, 1,265 feet above the lake. From its summit a beautiful view of the lake district is obtainable, showing over fifty different bodies of water.

Lake Clear is prominent as seen from the mountain—a broad sheet of water in the southeast about five miles distant with open country and cultivated farms beyond. On its east is **Lake Clear Junction**, where the railroad from **Saranac Lake** and **Paul Smith's** electric spur from the north joins the main line of the **Adirondack Central** between **New York** and **Montreal**.

Lake Clear Inn is on the north shore of the lake along which runs a road which, continuing, plunges into the wild woods beyond only to emerge again at **Paul Smith's** famous old place. This house is now under the management of **C. H. Wardner**, who for so long a time made **Rustic Lodge** on the **Upper Saranac** a place of welcome, and old patrons will recognize in the rustic cabins standing about the main house a number which once flanked the old **Lodge** at **Indian Carry** and which during the winter were moved bodily over the ice to their present quarters. **Mr. Wardner** is competent, painstaking and obliging and his fare is wholesome and to be commended. That he is appreciated is evidenced in the fact that many of

his old guests will follow him to his larger venture here. Transient rates are \$2.00 per day; \$10.00 to \$15.00 per week, with special price for continued stay, for which address Lake Clear. See page 267.

* * * * *

Malone (gateway 15) is 57 miles west of Rouses Point. It is the county seat of Franklin county, and a thoroughly wide awake town. The Rutland Railroad extending east and west is here crossed by the Adirondack division of the N. Y. Central and St Lawrence line running to Ottawa and Montreal.

The Howard House, S. J. & J. A. Flanagan, is an excellent house and the best in this section. Rates \$2.50 up per day.

Lake Meacham is 25 miles south of Malone. It is a beautiful sheet of water, 3 miles long, outleting through the east branch of the St. Regis river. The Lake Meacham House, situated at the north end accomodates about 100. Rates \$3 up per day. George Cushman, Manager.

Continuing south 12 miles leads over a good forest road to Paul Smith's Hotel.

* * * * *

Lake Titus lies 8 miles south of Malon, away from all railways. The roads are good and the drive from Malone can be made in one hour. This lake is 2 1-2 miles long by 1-2 mile wide, situated in the heart of ragged mountains, at an elevation of 1,450 feet above sea level.

Mount Immortelle, at south end of Lake Titus, commands a view of the entire lake with a broad expanse of sloping mountain side around. This was, of old, quite noted hunting ground. It has lost none of its popularity of late for the increase of deer under existing laws is noticeable here as in many other portions of the Adirondacks, and the fashionable crowd have not come to crowd out those who delight in the chase. **Hotel Ayres** is on the north end of Duane Lake, 3 miles south

* * * * *

SARANAC LAKE (village) is 73 miles from Plattsburg. It is a hustling town of 4,500 inhabitants and thoroughly wide awake to its own prosperity. It has five churches, a graded school, water supply for street, dwellings and hotels, sewers, electric lights, a live weekly newspaper—"The Adirondack Enterprise," general telegraphic and telephonic communication with the outer world, stores to meet all needs, and metropolitan in tendencies with a healthy flavoring of the wild west. It lies in the valley. Around it are protecting hills, farther back the mountains. Between the hills run valleys from north, east and south, uniting here so that it is approached by level roads, winding through the lowlands from either side. It shows a picturesque blending of the primitive forms of old times with the swell structures of prosperous later days that have come since it went forth that here was the health centre of the wilderness.

The Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium is a practical application of the good to be had here. It is a mile below (north of) the village, on a bluff, commanding a grand mountain view north and east, and well protected from the prevailing western wind. It was opened for patients Feb-

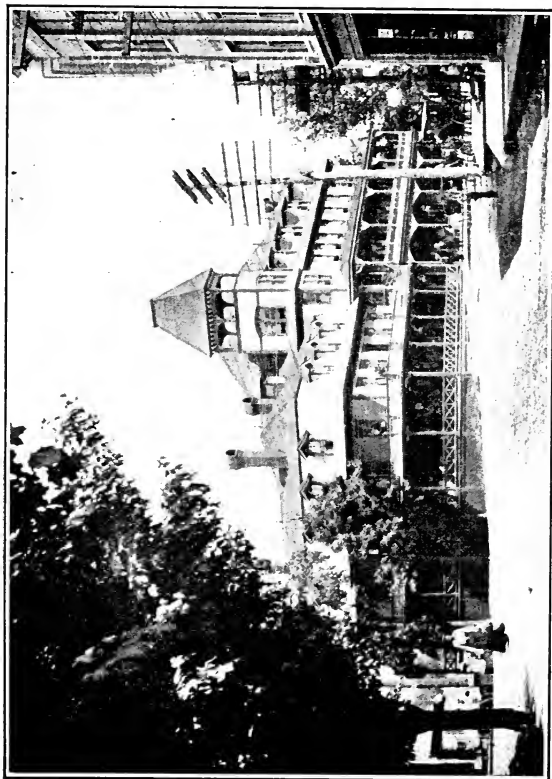
ruary 1, 1885. with accommodations for 9 patients. It now has capacity for over one hundred. It is not intended as an asylum for hopeless cases, but to put within reach of sufferers from incipient pulmonary complaints, whose means are limited, the advantage to be derived from the Adirondack climate, a simple, out-of-doors life, and good



hygienic surroundings, with suitable medical treatment. There is a handsome central building, containing dining-room, offices, etc., and outlying cottages, accommodating 2 to 9 patients each. A charge of \$5.00 per week is made for each. This is below actual cost pro rata, but the deficiency is made up by annual subscriptions. The institution is under the immediate supervision of the veteran specialist, Dr. E. L. Trudeau, whose experience has made him a strong advocate of the systematic open-air treatment of consumptives

which is carried out at the institution in most cases. A characteristic scene in mid-winter is of patients swathed in wrappers on the piazzas, in comfortable steamer chairs, chatting or reading, or engaged in such light occupation as may be possible with thickly gloved fingers, remaining out in what may be called bad weather even, from early morning until night, except during the intervals taken for meals. Others drive, muffled in furs, or where strength permits—thickly clad and well protected from the cold—indulging in tramps through the woods or over the hills on snow shoes. It is not uncommon for patients to sleep out of doors throughout the entire winter in which case they are put in wheeled beds indoors and then pushed out on the sheltered piazzas covered to the nose with thick blankets to tempt the almost arctic cold of the winter's night. Many have indulged in this heroic treatment and been benefitted. During the summer it is the common practice to sleep in their cots on the cottage piazzas, protected from predatory gnats and mosquitoes by netting stretched overhead on frames, presenting something the appearance in miniature of the "Prairie-schooner" of the plains.

The unfortunate rich are not admitted. The medical examiners are as follows: For New York City, Dr. Edward G. Janeway, Dr. W. B. James, Dr. H. P. Loomis and Dr. James Miller. For Philadelphia, Dr. J. C. Wilson. For Baltimore, Dr. H. M. Thomas. For Boston, Dr. F. H. Williams. For Saranac Lake, Dr. E. L. Trudeau, Dr. E. R. Baldwin, Dr. Charles C. Trembley and Dr. Lawrason Brown, resident physician.



THE BERKELEY.

"The Journal of the Outdoor Life," a monthly magazine, is published at the Sanitarium and contains articles by the leading lung specialists.

The **Winter Carnivals** held here annually, are becoming world-famous. Skating, skiing, snow-shoeing, sleighing tobogganing and hockey are immensely popular during the colder seasons. The Pontiac Club, with its cozy house and skating rink, adds to the sociability among the winter residents and the town presents fully as gay an appearance in January as in July.

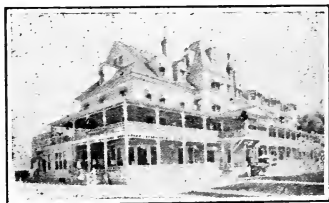
Railroad service is excellent. Trains leaving in the morning reach New York early in the evening. Evening trains have sleeping cars attached running through to New York either by the Chateaugay division of the D. & H. via Lake Champlain and Saratoga or by the Adirondack division of the New York Central via the west side of the wilderness.

The Berkeley is in the center of the village, with accommodations for 75 guests. A. B. Robinson, long time in active management, is now proprietor. Mr. Robinson is thorough and progressive. The table is superior. Public rooms are bright and cheery. Rooms en suite. A handsome grille room a la carte—a modern innovation in Adirondack hotels—and private dining room for special events are among the new features. The Berkeley is open all the year and well

patronized by commercial as well as pleasure travel. Telegraph and long distance phones in the house. Rates \$2.50 to \$4.00 per day; \$15.00 up per week. See page 263.

Fowler's Livery, near the Berkeley, furnishes the best of service at a fair price. Advertisement on page 276.

The **Riverside Inn** faces the main street of the village, its east front looking out on Lake Flower to which the hotel grounds extend. Pine & Cor-



THE RIVERSIDE

bett, proprietors. The Inn is modern, attractive and handsomely equipped. Rates \$2.50 to \$4 per day. Per week, \$15 to \$28. Open all the year.

Riverside Garage, just east of the Inn, is up-to-date in expert mechanics and appliances. Autoists will here find tires, gas and oils and cars for hire on occasion. Smith Brothers, Proprietors.

The **Lower Saranac (Lake)** is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Saranac Lake village. It is a little less than five miles long by one and a quarter wide. It is separated into several natural divisions by outspreading peninsulas and chain-like groups of islands, there being of the latter (counting as such several huge rocks) one for every week in the year. There are a number of private cottages and camps on its shores varying from the expensive rustic country place to the rude but comfortable log and bark affair while on its islands, during the summer the white tent and occasional bough house are to be found, filled with jolly invalids or sportsmen.

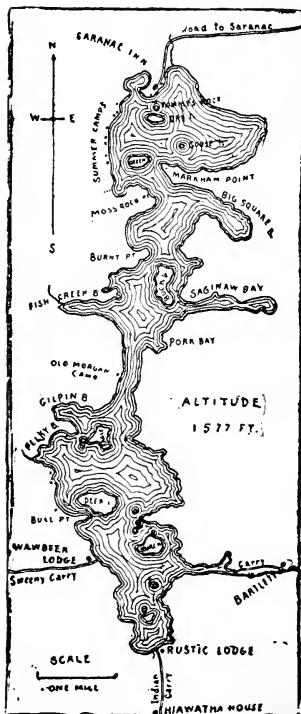
The **Algonquin** has a most attractive location on high, open ground on the east side of Saranac Lake. It commands an extended view of the broad lake with its islands and the shores beyond. John Harding, proprietor.

The **Inlet** is a winding, lily-flecked stream about two miles long, bringing the water from the Middle Saranac. At the Rapids, midway between the lakes, is a lock.

Middle Saranac Lake is about two and one-half miles in diameter. It contains several rocky islands. The shores are bold, and it has the reputation of being the roughest water in the Adirondacks.

Ampersand Mountain may be ascended in from two to three hours, following a blazed trail beginning at the sand beach at the mouth of the brook on the easterly side of the lake. From the top may be obtained a very fine, comprehensive view.

Bartlett's (Club House) is a half mile up the winding stream which connects the middle lake with the Upper Saranac. The Club buildings stand on a level with the higher lake, overlook-

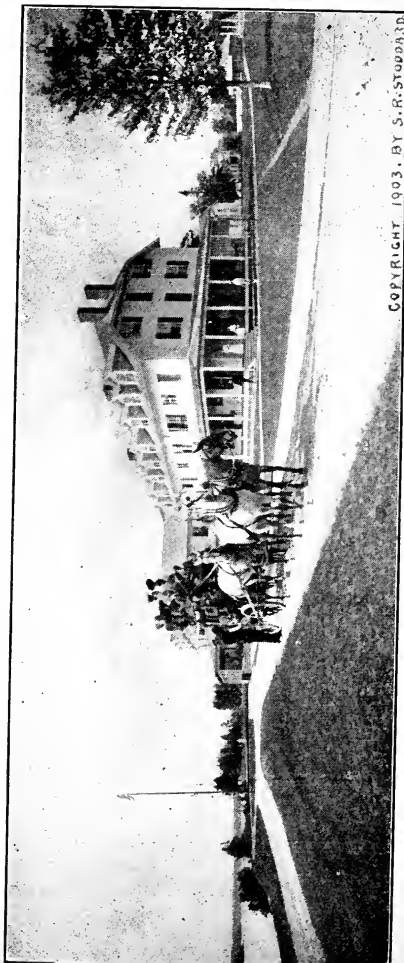


MAP OF UPPER SARANAC LAKE.
(Surveyed by Dr. S. B. Ward.)

ing the lower. The "Saranac Club" has a charter membership of twenty. The stated objects of the club are primarily the health, happiness and pleasure of its members, but there is ample room and royal entertainment in the main building for the traveller who chances that way. It is reached by boat from the lower lake and from Saranac Inn on the upper lake or by a good road, open to carriage or car, which circles the three lakes in a round of about 45 miles. John A. Flanagan is manager. Postoffice, Bartlett Carry.

Bartlett Carry extends from the club house, something less than half a mile, to the Upper Saranac. Boat and duffle (in the Adirondacks everything in the way of baggage is "duffle") are carried over on a cart, for which the employer pays 50 cents.

Upper Saranac Lake is 1,577 feet above tide. It is eight miles long, measuring north and south, and nearly two miles wide at its broadest. It discharges toward the east from its south end,, making a rapid descent of about 35 feet in 100 rods, to Bartlett's. It contains a number of islands; those at the south being rounded or level; those at the north bold and rocky. The shores are thickly wooded and rise into hills, which can hardly lay claim to the title of mountains, but which are picturesque and attractive. In the distance at the north is St. Regis Mountain; away at the east Whiteface; toward the southwest Ampersand and Seward. Of old the route to this lake was generally by way of the Lower Saranac, as above described, but the mass of visitors now come to Saranac Inn Station, thence by stage to

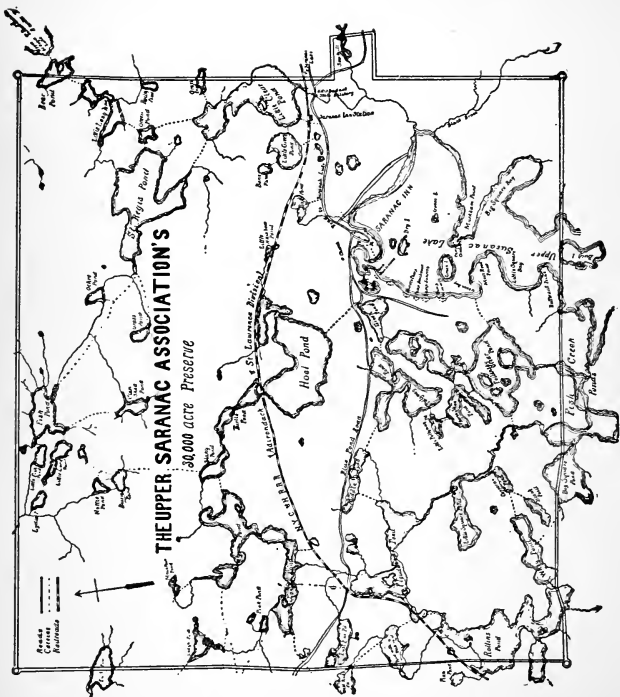


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SARANAC INN.

the head of the lake, and by steamer to the various points on its shores.

Saranac Inn is at the head (north end) of Upper Saranac Lake, two miles from Saranac Inn Station, with accommodations for 250 guests. Here may be found every convenience and up-to-date appliance looked for in a first class hotel. House and cottages are on a point extending into the lake from the north, and command a broad expanse of water with distant mountains. The view is equalled in extent nowhere in the Adirondacks, except from the high land between Mirror Lake and Lake Placid. The soil is dry and porous, the peninsula on which the house stands level, and the forests, which form a pleasant feature in its surroundings, are grove-like, resembling a cultivated park in their shadowy depths. Under its present management the Inn has gained the highest praise. The table is exceptionally good. Late changes and improvements aggregate an expenditure of upward of \$60,000. All the bath rooms are heated. Many sleeping rooms contain both radiators and fireplaces, so that the house may be kept comfortably warm even in the coldest weather. The large "Annex" is for the reception of guests who may come before the hotel proper is opened for the season, or wish to remain after it is closed. House and cottages—and on occasion camps and grounds—are lighted by acetylene gas produced by the Colt generator with the most up-to-date fixtures to be had. There is also a large store on the grounds which ranks among the finest in the Wilderness, where can be obtained all the necessaries for camp or sport. Especially attractive are the rooms over the boat house, and cosy



and picturesque cabins and camps along shore. Guides can be engaged through the management, but it is advisable, when possible, to make such arrangements well in advance. Among attractions to this section are the golf links said by enthusiasts to be an excellent course with some of the finest greens in the wilderness.

The G. N. W. W. U. and Postal Telegraph and Cable Companies have offices in the hotel. Stage fare to Saranac Inn Station is 50 cents. Rates for board, \$4 up per day; \$19.25 to \$70 per week. (See Page 268.) Postoffice Upper Saranac.

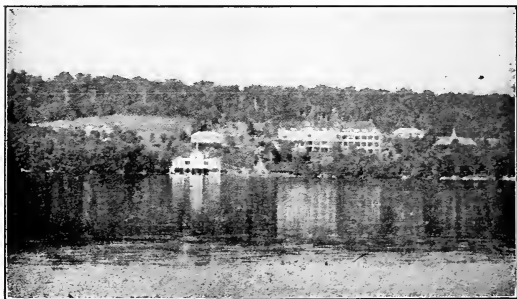
Harrington Mills, former manager at Whiteface Inn, Lake Placid, owner and manager of Hotel Grafton, Washington, D. C., is general manager at Saranac Inn. D. W. Riddle is company's superintendent.

This section is attractive to the fisherman, because of the multitude of ponds and streams adjacent, there being within a circuit of three miles over thirty that are recognized as among the best trout yielding waters of the Adirondacks. The dotted lines on the accompanying map of the lands belonging to the association (Page 84) show the carries between ponds and lakes. Starting at the "Inn," trips may be taken by boat and carry, covering a period of time from two hours to an entire day. A favorite trip is one starting at the Inn and crossing the following ponds: Spring, Green, Hoel, Turtle, Slang, Long. Lake, thence back to the Inn. For obvious reasons the hunter with limited time will find this available ground. It is easily reached. An excellent house renders the isolated position comfortable. It is well

out in that wilderness where, north, west and south streams and ponds cover the tract like crystal beads on net-work of silver. Into this labyrinth come the deer who delight in sun water and the tender food growing at its edge. With them it is a favorite feeding ground and they find none better even in the far west.

This house was a favorite with President and Mrs. Cleveland, and was made their head-quarters during their visits to the woods. Dr. S. B. Ward, of Albany, is also a regular visitor; His camp on Markham Point is notably picturesque and comfortable. A pretty little church on the hill back of the hotel, erected in 1885, is open for service during the summer.

The Wawbeek and cottages are on the west side near the south end of the Upper Saranac.



WAWBEEK AND COTTAGES

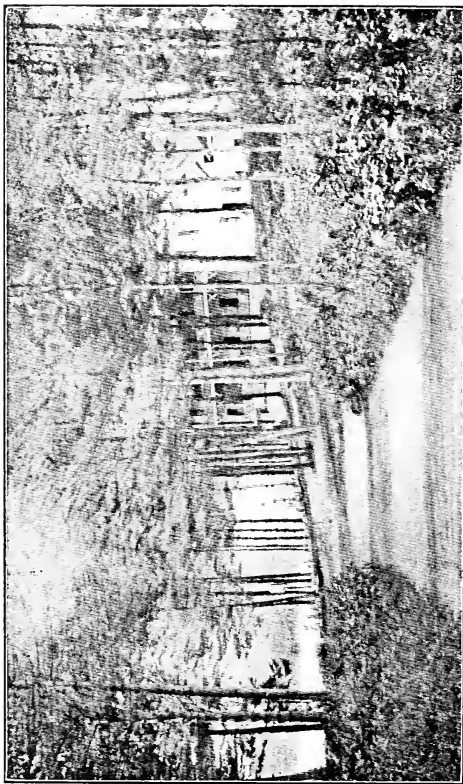
At this writing it is understood they will not be opened for guests this year.

Johnson Island Chapel is about a mile from the Wawbeek. Services are held here on the Sabbath during the summer. The chapel is open to all denominations.

Rustic Lodge, which stood at the south end of the Upper Saranac, has been eliminated so far as the public is concerned and its ex-proprietor gone bag and baggage, (including a half score or more of the rustic cabins which flanked the old log structure, over the ice to Lake Clear to provide familiar quarters to old guests in a new environment at the Lake Clear Inn, of which Mr. Wardner is now owner and manager. (Page 71).

Indian Carry Golf Links extend from this point south over picturesque ground where once tradition says were the corn fields of the ancient Adirondack people who gave the place its name—it is a pretty tradition anyway and experts say the links are fine. **Indian Carry** continues south over the divide to Stony Creek Ponds one mile. (Portage of boats and luggage, 75 cents.)

Hiawatha Lodge is at the south end of Indian Carry. Lodge and cottages outlook over the Spectacle (or Stony Creek) ponds and the eastern mountains, and, while practically hidden in the depths of the vast wilderness, offers modern fittings, and conveniences for a hundred people, while touch is maintained with the outer world through the long distance telephone brought into the office. The original was destroyed by fire in 1910 but a new Lodge has risen from its ashes modern in all respects and better in keeping with the requirements of the needs of its newer clientele gathered under its later management. New bungalows have been added and here one may



HIAWATHA LODGE

be retired as one could wish with the knowledge that the social attractions of the larger public building is their's at will. Lodge and cottages are lighted by gas. Perfect saniutary conditions are guaranteed by the manager. For the strenuous and leisurely are the tennis court among the trees close by, and the Indian Carry golf links, half a mile away. For the sportsman are Adirondack guide boats and sporting outfits. For those who incline to the less hazardous, are the broader St. Lawrence pattern. Those who would go into camp can arrange for outfits here. The Lodge is open the year round and fitted to take care of early and late fishermen. May be reached by boat and stage from Saranac Lake or Saranac Inn station during the season. Experimentally, a special guests road service will be maintained by automobile between the Lodge and Tupper Lake. Rates, \$4.00 per day. Special weekly and family rates on application. Address W. L. Beckman, Corey's, N. Y. See page 260.

Stony Creek Ponds are three in number. The first and third are small; the middle one about a mile the longest way. **Stony Creek**, applied to the outlet of the Ponds, is a misnomer. It is about three miles long, sluggish, winding, and difficult of navigation, making it advisable to continue by road 2 miles from the Hiawatha House to Axton, a little below where Stony Creek enters the Raquette River. Axton is the outgrowth of the lumbering operations of Dodge, Meigs & Co. The draw-over from Saranac Lake to this point is \$1.25 for boat and luggage. For 1, 2 or 3 passengers \$1.50, and 50 cents for each additional person.



RIVER ABOVE RAQUETTE FALLS

Raquette River is one of the most interesting streams in the Wilderness. Portions are very beautiful and wonderful in their solemn beauty. In the shallows it is amber, at a greater depth red, then a rich brown, then almost like ink. So still it runs that it seems more like a river of black glass than water. Great, shaggy, twisted cedars line its banks, their branches reaching out and downward toward the water, the sides away from the river limbless and verdureless. In places it has undermined them until they bend over and stand curled upward with the even sweep of a scimeter, while the smaller limbs, seemingly alarmed at their too near approach to the water, turn back upon themselves and hang in great hooks and solid festoons from their leaning supports, the whole mirrored in the glassy surface where you seem to float midway between the heavens above and the heavens below. The stream is navigable for boats of considerable draft between Long and Tupper Lakes. It is probable that in time a line of small steamers will run the length of this stream to connect with steamers on Long Lake for the Southwest Lake Region. From where Stony Creek enters, it is 9 miles down the river to Sweeney Carry and 11 miles further to Tupper Lake.

Raquette Falls is 7 miles above Stony Creek mouth. The water tumbles here about 15 feet. Above the Falls is a mile of cascades and rapids.

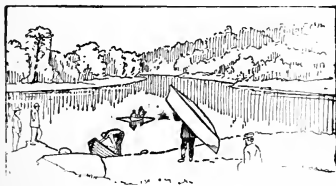
The Carry is a fraction over a mile in extent. \$1.25 for transportation of boat and luggage. Three persons will be carried over in a buckboard for \$1.50. Cold River coming down from the Mount Seward on the east, joins the Raquette 5 miles above Raquette Falls.

Something over a mile further is the foot of Long Lake, for which see index.

* * * * *

Sweeney Carry extends from Wawbeek west three miles to the Raquette River. For transportation of boat and luggage across, the price is \$2.00. Parties of three can ride over on a buckboard for 50 cents apiece.

Tromblee's is on the Raquette, at the west end of the Sweeney Carry. The house is small, affording accommodations for only six or eight people, but it



AT SWEENEY CARRY.

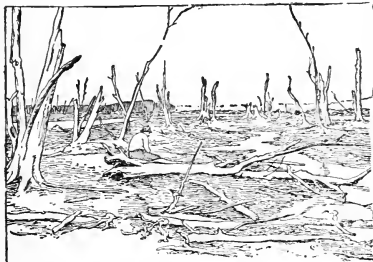
gives a very acceptable dinner. Mail daily through the season. Open from May 1st to November. Oliver Tromblee, proprietor. Post-office address Wawbeek, N. Y. Buckboards can be had here by east-coming passengers for the three mile trip

over, and carrying wagons for the boats and luggage. See appendix for additional particulars. The river above this point is delightfully picturesque, marks of the desolation caused by the flooded flats not being so apparent here as further down. Trolling for pickerel is the popular sport and yields most satisfactory results. It is about 8 miles from Tromblee's Landing by the new road to Tupper Lake Station. By river to the foot of Tupper Lake the distance is about 11 miles.

The Lower Raquette once the most beautiful of rivers is to-day a standing protest against the outrages perpetrated in the name of utility—where, as

THE ADIRONDACKS.

the result of damming the streams, a broad stretch of grandly wooded valley, whose equal for quiet beauty could be found nowhere else in the whole Adirondack wilderness, has been alternately flooded and drained—that forsooth the logs could be floated to market—until the once fragrant and shadowy depths is but an expanse of hideous slime-covered flats

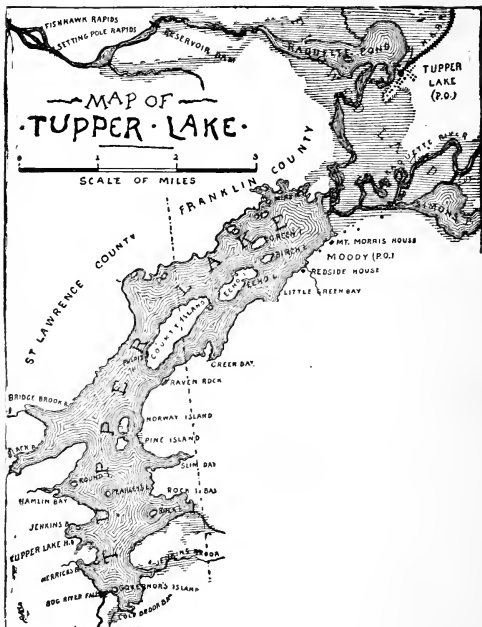


THE DROWNED LANDS.

and malaria-breeding pits where the skeletons of drowned trees totter to their fall or lie white and ghastly on the mirey ground. Is the preservation of the Adirondacks merely a matter of sentiment? The desolation is greatest as the

foot of Tupper Lake is approached, extending thence to Tupper Lake village, the terminus of the Northern Adirondack R. R.

Tupper Lake hangs like a bag on its gathering string. The Raquette River is the string. It is 1,554 feet above tide, nearly seven miles long and three broad. It has 25 islands, some level and covered with thrifty trees, others barren and rocky, rising steeply from the water. County Island is the largest, being nearly a mile in length, and has on its west side a precipice known as the Devil's Pulpit. The surrounding country is wild but not grand with mountain heights. Mount Morris, at the southeast, is the most important elevation of the section.



The **Prince Albert** is on the east side of the lake near the outlet. Capacity, 40. R. N. Page, Proprietor. Private board, \$3 day; \$15.00 per week. Fare to station, \$1.50; two or more, \$1 each.

The **Waukesha**, half-mile farther south, will provide for thirty-five guests.

Bog River Falls comes picturesquely down over the face of the broken rocks at the head of Tupper Lake. A ruined saw-mill here marks the site of a past "effort," showing a considerable town, with public squares and buildings—on paper.

Litchfield Park, southeast of Tupper Lake, is held as a private preserve by the owner, Edward H. Litchfield of New York, an enthusiast on the question of the propagation of exotic game, and to this end devoting money and all the resources of the territory owned by him here to that purpose.

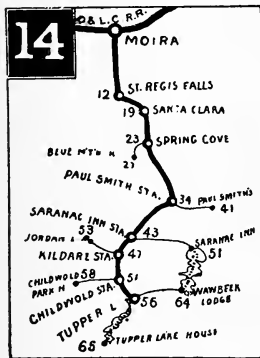
Little Tupper Lake is an easy half day's journey at the south, the most tedious part of this way being the two-mile carry from Bog River into Round Pond. It lies centrally in Whitney's "Mountain Park." A passable road leads east to Long Lake and west five miles to the station at Long Lake West.

* * * * *

Tupper Lake Village, terminus of the N. A. R. R., is on **Raquette Pond**, which was created by a dam built two miles below Tupper Lake, to facilitate lumbering in this section. When John Hurd built this road south to this point to subserve his vast lumber interests, this

was practically a virgin forest. The first train ran through July 1, 1890. Now there are grouped about its terminus two hundred and fifty buildings of various sizes and conditions, churches and hotels, school houses and steam saw-mills, with capacity for sawing 245,000 feet of lumber per day. A steamboat runs from this point to Tupper Lake landings.

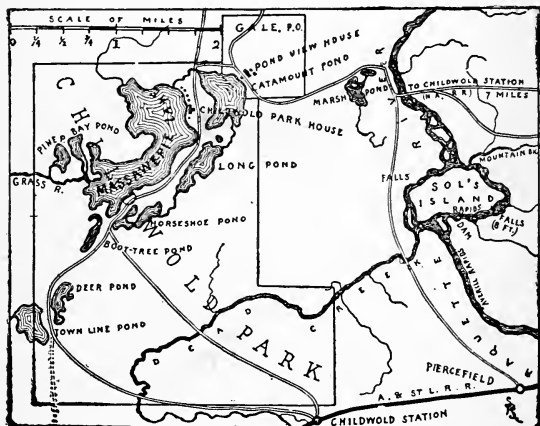
The N. Y. & Ottawa Railroad reaches to this point from Moira (Gateway 14) 13 miles west of



Malone on the O. & L. C. The distance is 56 miles. The Blue Mountain House (P. O. Gile, N. Y.), near Blue Mountain, is 4 1-2 miles south; stage, \$1.00); will accommodate 65. Except the Blue Mountain region, there is little of interest in Gateway 14. The railroad was built as a means of reaching the valuable lumber of this northern region and was pushed through to Raquette Pond. Much

of this wild land has been acquired by William D. Rockefeller, who is fostering the timber of that section to make an immense preserve.

Childwold (station) is on the A. & St. L. R. R., about six miles west of Tupper Lake. A plank road extends from the station west and north through a magnificent forest of hard wood to **Massawepie Lake**, the fountain head of Grasse River, one of the best trout streams in northern New York, and a noted resort for deer. Mr. Addison Child, to whom this sec-



MAP OF CHILDWOLD PARK AND SURROUNDINGS.

tion owes much of its prosperity, and Mr. Henry G. Dorr, of Boston, together, own the whole western half of township 6, and have preserved, under the state law, with the title of **Childwold Park**,

a game and pleasure park of 6,000 acres, embracing Lake Massawepie and five contributory sheet of water that encircle it. This section is about 1,450 feet above tide.

Hotel Childwold on the east shore of Massawepie Lake is not open.

One and one-half miles east of Gale is **Downey's Landing**, which is eight miles below Raquette Pond. The stream is navigable from above to this point, except for short carries around falls and rapids.

Potsdam (Gateway No. 13) is the western entrance to this section. A new state road extending to Colton, 10 miles from which a fair country road continues to Childwood.

There are two good hotels at Potsdam. "The Albion," Geo. W. Barnett, proprietor, and the "Arlington," a new house, on the main street of the village. Rates \$2 up per day.

There are small houses at intervals along the road and river, where entertainment can be had at from \$1 to \$1.50 per day. The "Kildare Club" of New York, composed of members of the Vanderbilt family and friends, has a hunting lodge near Jordan Lake and a park of several thousand acres surrounding it.

Camp So-High is at Long Bow on the lower Raquette, on the preserve of Dr. O. B. Coit, and is managed by his sons, who are college graduates and teachers, as a summer camp for boys with nature study, taught with woodcraft and practical experience

CHAPTER V.

RAY BROOK, LAKE PLACID, NORTH ELBA AND HEART LAKE.

PEERLESS PLACID has long been known as the "Gem of the Adirondacks." Many places offer as their natural attraction a single lake, bit of forest, or mountain. Some have two of these features. Placid has all three at their best, two of the most beautiful American lakes, virgin forests near on every side and literally scores of mountains within a day's walk, any one of which would make the reputation of an ordinary resort. The railroads recognize its pre-eminence and in each of the half dozen schemes for new roads or extensions admit that the chief objective point is Placid. The Pullman sleepers and parlor cars spend the day or night here at the end of the line. Leaving New York in the evening they are here in time for breakfast, or leaving at 9:30 a. m. reach Lake Placid for supper; returning, they start for Placid after supper and arrive at New York for breakfast, or leaving about 9:30 a. m., reach New York the same evening. Thus travelers by any one of the four daily trains between New York and Lake Placid are free from the annoyance of getting up at unseasonable hours for the start. The service fits admirably the convenience of guests. Nature's possibilities here recognized by far-seeing eyes and developed by wise heads, have caused the recent phenomenal growth and made this the famous summer home of the mountains.

In 1900, Lake Placid was incorporated so it could secure new advantages. It now has municipal electric light, complete drainage and water works.



LAKE PLACID AND MIRROR LAKE IN 1875.

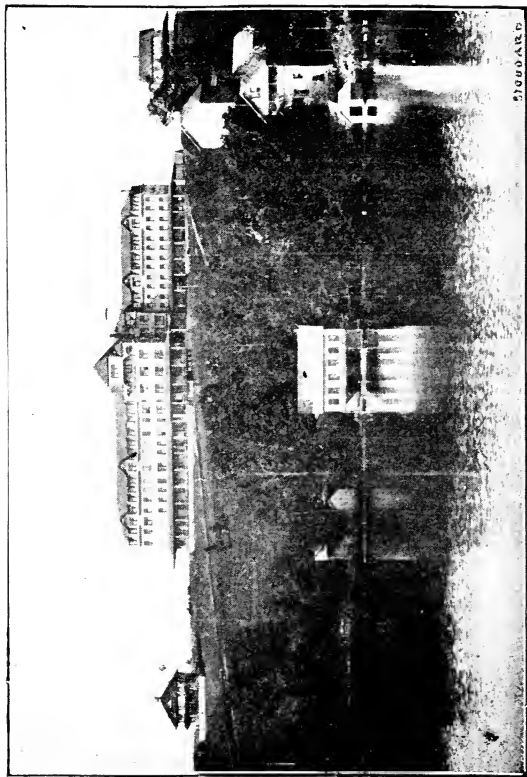
improved roads, a high school with a library, apparatus and a faculty of college and normal school graduates of which the town is justly proud. It has also a beautiful public library on the shores of Mirror Lake, free to all.

The Saranac & Lake Placid Railroad is 10 miles long, terminating about a mile south of Lake Placid. Cars of the D. & H. and N. Y. C. & H. R. railroad run through without change during the summer. Transfer from terminus to Lake Placid houses, 25 cents each person; same for trunks. Arrange with agent on the train. Work was commenced on the road May 1st, 1893, and passengers carried through July 15th following.

At Lake Placid Station stages are taken for Lake Placid hotels and Cascade Lakes. For carriage or matters relating to Adirondack Lodge apply to the Lake Placid Club. See page 111.

The National Hotel opposite the station is convenient and of excellent reputation. It has modern fittings, with hot and cold water in all sleeping rooms and bath between every two. It has large patronage by hunters, fishermen and commercial travelers. Garage and livery connected. Rates \$2.00 per day. Henry Allen (formerly of the Grand View), Proprietor.

Lake Placid (village) is the outgrowth of a sentiment—love of the beautiful in nature. When in 1873, the writer first visited Lake Placid, the old Lake Placid House, known generally as "Brewster's," with "Nash's," the little red farm-house, still standing at the southeast of the Stevens House, were the only habitations in this section. Now a thrifty village lines the shores of Mirror



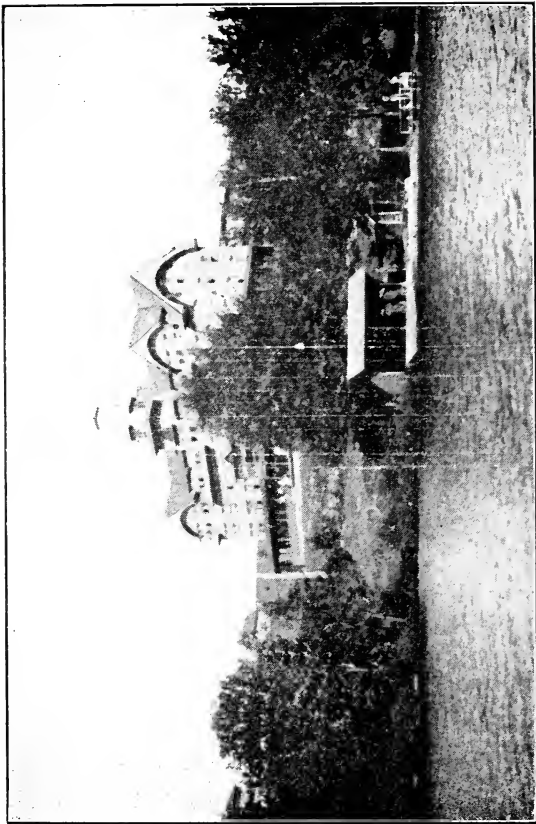
GRAND VIEW.

Lake and the road to the south, while summer cottages and princely hotels bid welcome to a host of summer visitors.

Grand View is first of the leading hotels reached from the station. Its name suggests its characteristic. It appears on the summit of a hill sloping sharply towards the south and west and more gradually to Mirror Lake on the east. The north is more level and covered with beautiful forest. The view sweeps the entire circle of mountain and both lakes. The grounds of the old hotel have been enlarged by buying on four sides till the Grand View Park includes all the Mirror Lake property and lake front on the main street and extends two miles to the west. It includes the outlet valley and western heights beyond and is being transformed into a private park for the use of the Grand View guests. The hotel accommodates 300. Tennis, baseball and other outdoor sports are provided for. A spacious ball room is a distinguishing feature of the Grand View and fine music for dancing continues throughout the entire season. Rates, \$4.00 up per day; single rooms, \$21 up; double, \$35 up per week. See page 259.

M. B. Marshall, proprietor of Hotel Hargrave, 112 West 72nd Street, New York, and late Manager of Saranac Inn, is supervising director. The photograph of the "grand view" shown on opposite page was taken some time ago. The house is now surrounded by a thrifty grove of young trees.

Northwoods Inn is on the main street running north along the west shore of Mirror Lake. Capacity about 75. Rates \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day; \$12.50 to \$17.50 per week. Special May and June and in September and October. T. A. Leahy, Pro-



LAKE PLACID INN

prietor. The house is heated by hot air, steam and open fireplaces, and has baths and electric lights. Long distance telephone in the office. Station transfer 25c. See page 273.

The Lakeside Inn is next at the north. Accommodations are here for about 50 guests. C. E. Baxter, Proprietor. Apply for particulars.

The Stevens House, built in 1886, is on high land that separates Mirror Lake from Lake Placid. Rates \$4 up per day; \$21 up per week. Stevens Hotel Co., Proprietors.

The Lake Placid Inn is at the head of Mirror Lake on a point of the narrow land separating the two. Capacity 150 guests. Rates \$4 and up per day; \$21 and up per week, according to accommodations. F. W. Swift, formerly manager of Maplewood Inn and the Tahawus House at Keene Valley, proprietor. The house is electric lighted. It has single rooms and suites of two to four rooms with private baths. There are open fireplaces in public rooms and modern improvements throughout. Broad piazzas give fine views out over both lakes and boat liveries on both are for the pleasure of guests. A summer orchestra is one of the pleasant features. All amusements common to Adirondack hotels are provided for at the Lake Placid Inn. See page 204. For particulars address F. W. Swift, Lake Placid.

Undercliff is on the west shore near the head of the lake, accessible by the steamers and launches at short intervals. Here are accommodations for 100 guests. Rates \$3 day; \$15 to \$25 week. Address, Undercliff, Lake Placid, N. Y.



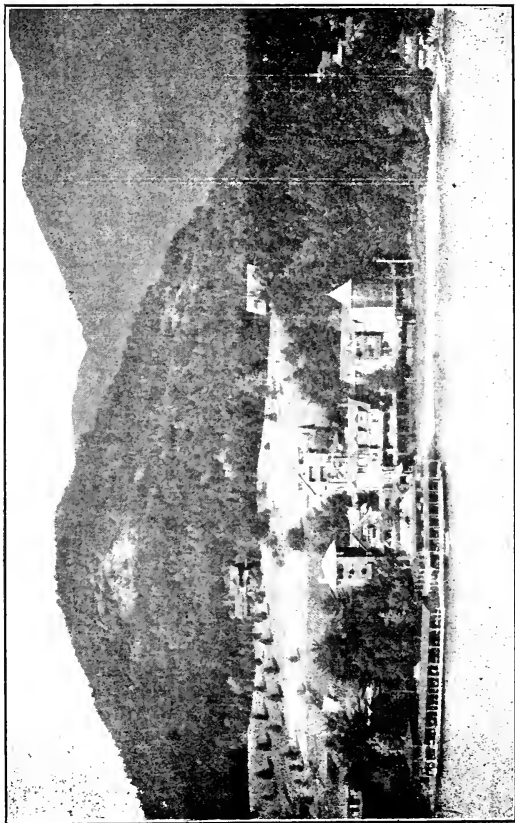
LAKE PLACID FROM EAGLES' EYRIE.

Whiteface Mountain stands in the north, its base thickly clothed with spruce and balsam, its head naked granite, seamed with deep rifts, rugged broken in outline. Early in autumn and late in spring, it wears its white hood of snow, which obviously earned for it the name of "Whiteface" from the Indian. Its top is 3,008 feet above Lake Placid—4,871 feet above the ocean. **Eagle's Eyrie**, on one of the prominent spurs reached by a trail from the bay west of Sentinel Point gives a marvelously beautiful view of the lake. The ascent to the summit is made generally by leaving the lake at Whiteface Landing and following a precipitous trail three miles. Trails also run from Wilmington, at the northeast, and from Franklin Falls, at the northwest. It affords unquestionably the finest mountain view in the Adirondacks, giving in different quarters, cultivated valley and lowland at the north and east; broken mountain ranges at the south, and the broad lake-spangled region toward the west, with beautiful Lake Placid like a mirror at its feet.

* * * * *

Lake Placid Club is on the east side of Mirror Lake. Its object is by co-operation to secure among congenial people an ideal vacation or permanent country home. The club is not open to the general public and no one is received as member or guest against whom there can be any reasonable physical, social or moral objection.

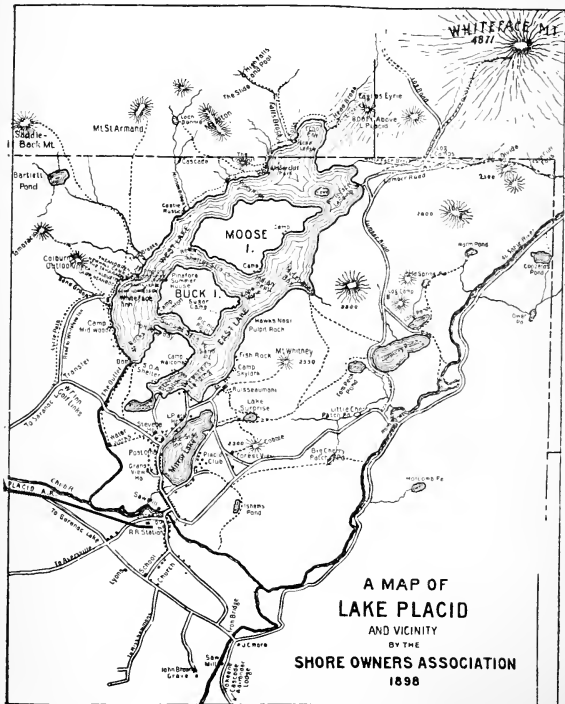
The club has clearly defined features which distinguish it from other clubs. It has no bar or cigar stand, no gambling, stock ticker, and



"LAKESIDE" (Summer Club House.)

serves no liquor. A chief aim is to make the club a children's paradise by assigning to them separate buildings and sections of the ground. It has no pretentious menu, no noise after 10 p. m., no beggars, tramps, peddlers, entertainers or other solicitors, and no transients. It disapproves elaborate toilets, display or fashion, and encourages early hours, informality, comfort and simplicity. It is characterized by large and beautiful buildings, convenient and well equipped, with the best beds, inclosed sun piazzas, library and other comforts and conveniences; by very unusual protection. It has over 200 open fires, 500 radiators, 300 lavatories, and 260 baths, and is lighted throughout by acetylene. Golf is the great specialty. There are practice 9-hole and 18-hole courses, 12 golf camps and a central golf house with 200 lockers, hot and cold water, showers, stone fireplace and complete equipment; also, on the edge of the links, the "Golfery," with delightful quarters for 94 players at about half the cost of rooms in the club houses. Over \$50,000 has been spent on the links, which have 5 miles of fair green and are pronounced by experts the most attractive in the world. A 9 hole putting green, a 9 hole court golf and 2 o'clock golf courts have been added, making 47 holes, all in charge of the best obtainable professional golfer and teacher.

The club estate consists of over 6,000 acres of park, golf links, forest fields and farms. It now has 205 buildings, with over 1000 rooms. The real estate and modern equipment now represent over \$1,100,000. While the club is not public, visitors are given opportunity to see something of the plant that in fifteen years has be-

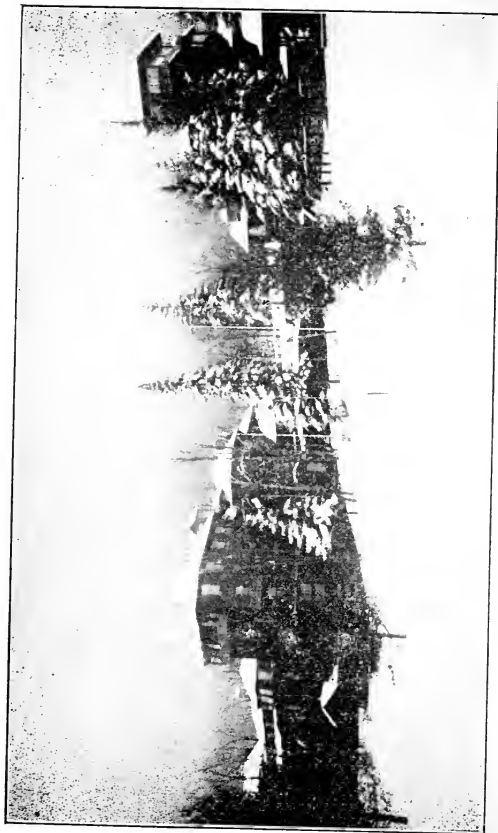


come famous as the best of its type in the world. 200 acres about the 4 central club houses and cottages are enclosed in a man-proof steel park fence to protect the families of members from undesirable visitors. For fire protection there are three fire houses and 6 stations, 20 pieces of wheeled apparatus, 6 engines, 50 ladders, 500 chemic extinguishers, 50 hand force pumps, 500 fire pails, 3 systems of hydrants surrounding principal buildings in a total of 1800 gallons a minute. 24 streams have been played at once.

Arden, the Forest theater in which Ben Greets' full company plays 5 times each year, has reserved seats for 1,000, a stage holding 100 and dressing rooms for a company of 30. Electric lights in the tree tops make an artificial moonlight whenever wanted. It is inclosed with evergreen hedge and has camp fires for chilly nights. There are concerts here from 2:15 to 3:30 p. m. on alternate days all summer.

There are 31 club courts for outdoor games. Those adjoining the Forest theater include 11 tennis, 2 bowling greens, 2 roque, 2 croquet, 2 tether ball, clock golf, basket ball and quoits. These have electric lights and are flooded for skating, hockey and curling rinks in winter. Both summer and winter club houses have immense game rooms, with over 20 indoor games.

At Forest Hall an Adirondack camp fire in the center of the room is unique. Forest Hall Library, with its 5,000 volumes and 100 current serials with reference books and a dozen study tables with low lights, 2 huge stone fireplaces and walls chiefly with sheets of glass which in winter are tripled, make a room greatly enjoyed and admired.



"FOREST HALL" (Winter Club House.)

The food stores hold whole train loads. Fruit and vegetable cellar thousands of bushels. Twelve cooler rooms take an annual supply of 4,000,000 lbs. of ice. The heavy meats come in on trolleys. The fish room is like an aquarium in the number and variety of fish each spread out on an immaculately clean plate glass shelf.

The club has fresh vegetables from its own gardens. Its 210 cows are tuberculin tested, every one certified by the State veterinary. The club poultry plant with its 5,000 thoroughbred white leghorns is already famous.

Table and houses are in charge of recognized experts in domestic science, who have a fixed salary with no selfish interest in receipts.

Board and room cost from \$17.50 to \$87.50 a week, depending on rooms, service and length of stay. The club has been open winter as well as summer since 1903. The largest clubhouse, "Lakeside," is open from June 30 to October 20.

The club has been open winter as well as summer since 1903. Its new winter clubhouse has 108 rooms and 48 baths. Several winter-built cottages are also open all the year. The largest clubhouse, "Lake Side," is open from June 30 to October 20. Two other clubhouses, "Iroquois" and "Mohawk," on the edge of the links and commanding the finest mountain views, are open in July, August and September.

As the club is a U. S. money order postoffice open all the year, mail and telegrams should be addressed Lake Placid Club, Essex County, N. Y.



THE GREAT PEAKS FROM THE CLUB GROUNDS.

JOHN BROWN'S GRAVE

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
And his soul goes marching on."—*Old Song.*

John Brown, "The old man of Osawatomie, came to North Elba and secured a large tract of land proposing to establish a home which should be a refuge for the persecuted black, and here undoubtedly matured the plot by which negro slavery was to be wiped out in the blood of white men. Here he gathered quite a company about him, then in the fullness of time—October 17; 1859—at Harper's Ferry, struck the first hard blow at slavery in this country which, like the smell of blood to wild beasts, rendered



John Brown.

any settlement of the question short of a resort to arms impossible. The whole is history now. There were 22 in all, white and black, with the old man when he opened fire. When he was forced to surrender, one son was among the dead, a second lay mortally wounded by his side. Condemned and hanged as one of the greatest criminals of the age, yet, when his body was borne north to be buried at his old home among the mountains it was as a triumphal march, for cities were draped in mourning, and bells tolled all along the way! And here one terribly cold day in bleak December a few who had loved the old man laid his body away in the frozen ground, for he had said "when I die, bury me by the big rock where I love to sit and read the word of God." Then his large family was dispersed, the widow finally selling the farm of 244 acres for \$800. Later, Kate Field made a pilgrimage to the grave and told the story, and eighteen New York men and one Boston woman added a hundred dollars each, that the John Brown farm and grave might be secured to the public forever. The names are Kate Field, Isaac H. Bailey, John E. Williams, William H. Lee, George A. Robbins, George Cabot Ward, Henry Clews, Randolph Martin, Le Grand B. Cannon, Chas. S. Smith, S. B. Chittenden, Isaac Sherman, Jackson S. Schultz, Elliot C. Cowdin, Thomas Murphy, Charles G. Judson, Salem H. Wales, Sinclair Toucey, Horace B. Claflin and "a Boston woman."*

The John Brown Farm is about two miles southeast of Lake Placid. A half mile drive through the open lane and field, brings you to the house and grave. The house is weather-beaten and old, but if you want a wholesome country meal you can get it there, and a flower, perhaps, from beside the Big Rock

*The subscribers to the fund for the purchase of the John Brown farm decided to make over the property to the State of New York to be kept for all time as a part of the Adirondack Reserve. To this end written consent was obtained from the living subscribers and from the representatives of the dead, and in 1896, the Legislature passed an Enabling Act.

that bears across its face in great letters, "John Brown, 1859."

The Grave is marked by an old, time-stained headstone, which once did duty over the remains of John Brown's grandfather in Canton, Connecticut. The corners are chipped off and defaced so that parts of the letters are lost. The upper half is in the quaint characters of "ye olden time," the lower of a more recent date; the face bears the following inscription:



"In memory of captⁿ JOHN BROWN
Who Died At Newyork Sep^r Ye 3

1776 in the 42 year of his Age.

"JOHN BROWN Born May 9, 1800 *was executed at Charleston, Va, Dec. 2. 1859.*"

"OLIVER BROWN Born Mar. 9, 1839, *was killed at Harpers Ferry Oct. 17. 1859.*"

On the back is the following:

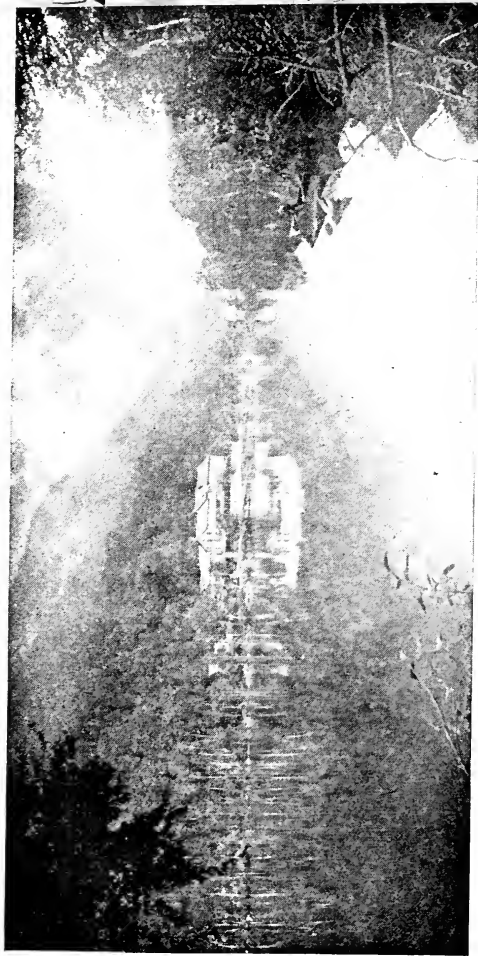
"In memory of FREDERICK son of John and Dianth Brown, Born Dec 21. 1830 and murdered at Osawatomie, Kansas, Aug 30, 1856 for his adherence to the cause of Freedom."

"WATSON BROWN, Born Oct 7, 1835 was wounded at Harpers Ferry & died Oct. 19, 1859."

Beside the older is a newer grave containing the body of Watson Brown, brought here and laid near the father, October 12, 1882, after remaining unburied for nearly twenty-three years. Considered by the authorities of Virginia simply as that of a criminal, it was given after death to the Medical College at Winchester, and there preserved as an anatomical speci-

authorizing the state to accept the gift. This Act was approved by Governor Morton, and thus the farm is forever preserved to the state. This Act has been since signalized by the erection (1896) upon the grounds near the grave, of a heavy granite tablet, bearing upon its surface the Act of Dedication, with the names of the donors.

CASCADE LAKE HOUSE



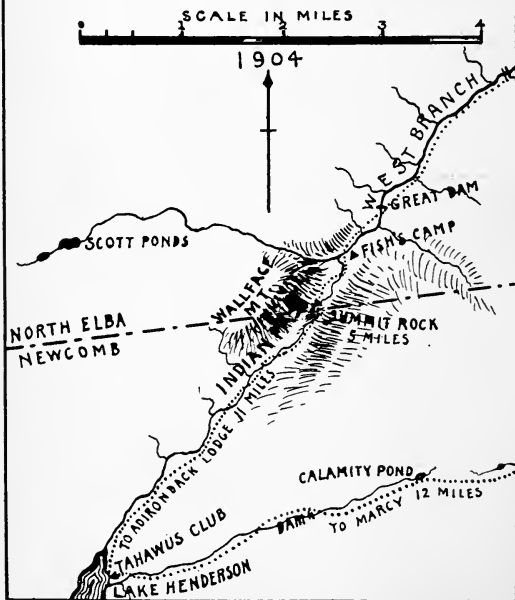
men—the mother appealing in vain for the privilege of giving it Christian burial. Later, when the town was occupied by the Union forces, it was carried off by an Indiana surgeon, and kept by him as a curiosity until in 1882, when he informed the survivors of its whereabouts and offered to restore it for more decent interment. From Indiana the poor buffeted body went to the mother in Ohio, and was finally brought here, and laid to rest beside the “big rock,” where he had played as a boy while learning strange theories of “duty.”

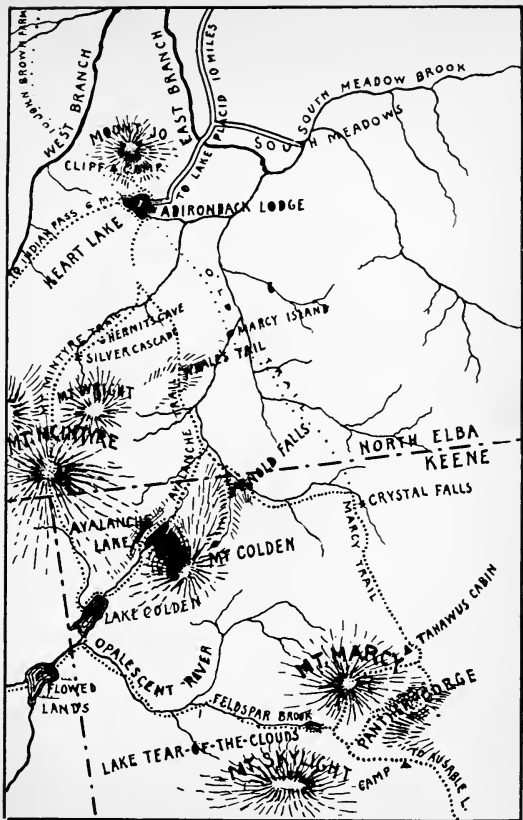
Cascade Lakes are 2,038 feet above tide, lying between Long Pond Mountain, which rises abruptly along their south, and Pitchoff Mountain on the north, the road passing east along the north side. Originally one lake, it has been bridged by the matter brought down by Cascade Brook to form two. The Upper Lake is 1-2 of a mile long. The lower, much narrower, is something over a mile in extent. Both are deep in places and quite noted for trout. East of Cascade Lakes the road finds its way down into Keene Valley and places better reached from Gateway No. 3.

Cascade Lake House is 9 miles from Lake Placid Station. Capacity 100. The hotel stands on about the only available land found in the notch between the Upper (west) and Lower Cascade Lakes, opposite the **Cascade** which, in the rainy season is a torrent, in time of drouth a tiny thread hanging down over the face of the cliff a thousand feet above. It is notably cool in summer because of its altitude and the wind which seems to blow almost uninterruptedly through the notch while the plains are sweltering in heat. It is the wildest pass in the Adirondacks accessible by carriage, and is altogether delightful. The rates are \$3.50 per day.

TRAILS RADIATING FROM ADIRONDACK LODGE

DRAWN BY
HENRY VAN HOEVENBERG





\$17 to \$21 per week during July and August; special for June and September. J. Henry Otis, Manager, Cascade, N. Y. See page 262.

* * * * *

South from Ames' the view is one of singular beauty and breadth. The land slopes away down into the valley, then rises in long, sweeping lines to the foothills, thence to higher ridges and peaks, and finally to the grand heights of McIntyre, the central figure in this mountain picture, flanked as it is by Wallface on the west guarding the famous Indian Pass and Mt. Colden on the east across the wild notch where repose the waters of Avalanche Lake. Outlined against the broad chest of McIntyre is the lower summit of Mt. Jo, sometimes called the Bear. Between this and the main mountain, more than 2,000 feet above tide, rests a lovely sheet of water 30 acres in extent, with shores of white sand. Because of its shape it was named "Heart of the Adirondacks."

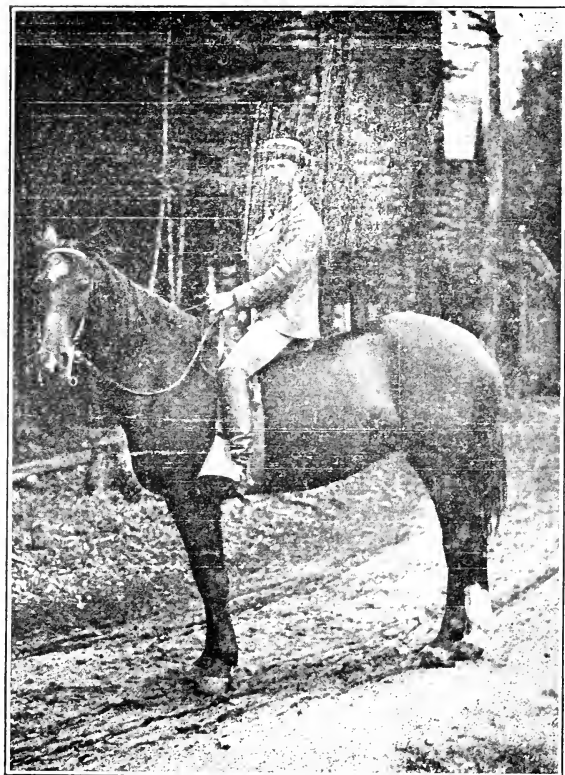
In 1877 from the summit of Marcy a party of mountain climbers looked out over the Adirondack wilderness. In the party was Henry Van Hoevenberg, electrician, of New York, and a lady who, before the excursion had ended, had promised to continue with him to the end. From the summit of the great mountain peak they selected what they thought to be the most beautiful square mile of forest, lake and mountain in the wilderness where they could "get nearest to nature's heart." This square mile had little Heart Lake as its center and a mountlet overlooking, which the man gallantly christened "Mt. Jo," petite for the maid, who with him, then planned the building of a castle there in keep-

ing with the wild woods surroundings. Death claimed one, but the inspiration remained and gradually Adirondack Lodge took form and place, as had been planned by the two.

It was built of rough logs holding still the bark that had clothed them in their living form. Colonades of trees supported the broad piazza and a slender tower of logs rose above the tree-tops to look out over them to the mountains on every side. The devotion pledged to the one who had passed on, was given to mother and sister and to the monument that grew out of a sentiment into a visible thing of beauty.

No tree was touched or ground uncovered save as was made necessary to reach the place, and when completed, that it might not be held too exclusive, Adirondack Lodge was in 1881 opened to the public as a place of entertainment under certain restrictions.

Time passed. Fortune proved fickle and the Lodge with its square mile of beauty passed out of its builder's hands. Later (1900) it was acquired by the Lake Placid Club which, with true appreciation of the fitness of things brought its old owner back to remain in charge summer and winter through, and for a time all seemed as of old. Then came the fire of June 3, 1903, which swept through the forest and licked up the Lodge as a dainty morsel. The creator of the Lodge, faithful to the last, fought fiercely that he might save, and failing, would have perished with it, but was forced by loving hands to live once more. Then faithful to his ideal, he again took up the work and will be found in camp ready as of old with genial welcome and well earned knowledge of



HENRY VAN HOEVENBERG.

woodcraft freely placed at the service of friends and his unwritten Adirondack stories told about the campfire, continue as of old, filled with quaint woodsy ideas and sounding like chapters taken bodily from the Arabian Nights.

A new lodge will be constructed somewhat after the old form, but the building has been abandoned for the present. There is a lumber camp on the site, but no accommodation for visitors. The nearest habitable quarters are three miles out on the road toward Lake Placid. Carriages may be taken to this point, whence trails radiate. See map, page 124.

Mount Jo is a 20-minute scramble (and a breathtaking one as the summit is neared—better take 30 minutes up.) The view from Lookout toward the south is the finest mountain view in the Adirondacks.

To **Indian Pass** (Summit Rock, see page 179) is 6 miles, requiring about 5 hours for the round trip, but it will be better to give a whole day taking lunch (furnished by the Lodge) on the way. From Summit Rock, Lake Henderson may be seen, 1,300 feet below and 5 miles away. Close by Lake Henderson is the Ruined Village now headquarters of the Tahawus Club. (See page 173.)

The **Round Trip** is through Indian Pass to Adirondack (night at the club house \$2), thence via Calamity Pond, Lake Colden and Avalanche Lake back to the Lodge.
miles. See page 129.

Mt. McIntyre summit is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, time 2 to 3 hours up. To top of **Mt. Tahawus** is $7\frac{1}{2}$

Mt. Marcy

Mt. Golden

Mt. McIntyre



HEART LAKE FROM MT. JO

Avalanche Lake the wildest lake in the woods, lies between Mt. McIntire and Mt. Colden, 5 miles



AVALANCHE LAKE FROM NORTH,

from Adirondack Lodge. Its altitude is 2,846 feet above tide. Its waters are cold and deep. It is a half-mile in length and but a few rods wide, the dark rock rising almost perpendicular for many feet upward on either side. The trail, such as it is, runs along the west side, at one point descending to the water's edge, the place rendered passable by means of a floating log anchored alongside the vertical wall. A remarkable

trap dike here shows a section of Mount Colden, split downward for a thousand feet, its out-flowing rocks nearly bridging the lake.

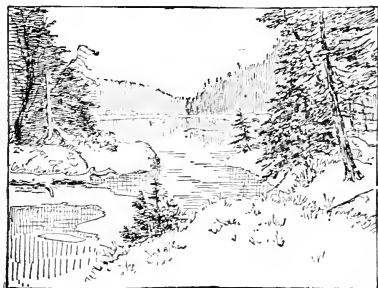
Lake Colden is a half mile south of the foot of Avalanche Lake. Between the two is a small mountain of *debris* which came down the side of Mount Colden in some ancient land-slide, imprisoning the waters of the upper lake. This probably, next to Avalanche Lake, gives the wildest water view in the wilderness. Its outlet is through the Opalescent River which, lower down, becomes the North River, and still lower, the Hudson. On the west shore is a log house belonging to the Adirondack Club where a forester is kept to guard the interests of the Association and see that laws respecting the preservation of

*Marcy Camp is north of the Summit one mile away, on the trail towards Adirondack Lodge. From the Lodge this Camp is about 4 hours by the average mountain climber.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

game and fish are properly carried out. Near the outlet of Lake Colden is an open camp where parties going or coming may make themselves reasonably comfortable for the night.

Mount Marcy (summit) is 5 miles from the foot of Lake Colden. The trail is quite difficult in places leading up along the little stream which is the outlet of **Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds** resting something



LAKE TEAR-OF-THE-CLOUDS.

over a half-mile from the top of Mount Marcy and 4,321 feet above tide. This is the highest body of flowing water in the State and the pond-source of the Hudson river. It is but a few rods in extent, surrounded by a coarse bog,

tremulous over unknown depths of black muck. Its level floor is black as ink, thinly covered with the clear water through which occasional snail-shells shine white as snow. About the little pool, stunted trees make an unequal fight for life against the cold. A little higher on

the mountain the fight is given up and at the top only lichens and hardy Alpine grasses find refuge in sheltered places. If breathless and athirst when near the top, you may find on the west side a huge pocket in the rock filled with soft, spongy moss. Press the moss aside and the space will be full of pure cold water. The upper thousand feet is bare. It is naked rock the farthest down on the south-west side; the west side has more the appearance of a hillside pasture than a mountain above vegetation, its partial covering of Alpine grasses and other plants giving it that appearance. **The ascent of Marcy** may be made from Adirondack Lodge which is nearest of any house of entertainment, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant; from Keene Valley by way of John's Brook (12 miles) or the Au Sable Lakes, or from the "Ruined Village" at the Adirondack Iron Works. The last two routes unite near Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds. It will not be advisable to make the ascent from any direction without a guide, although it is possible for those accustomed to mountain climbing and mountain trails to do so. Those who know all about it will need no advice those who do not, will need a guide as no amount of written directions will suffice. Another bit of advice Take two days for the trip, and plenty of provision and blankets, and camp out somewhere on the way—your guide will know where.

The Summit of Marcy is of the oldest known rock on the earth. Its head was lifted above the water in the early morn of creation and stood for ages battling with the elements while yet the mighty mountains of the Eastern Hemisphere were buried beneath the ocean.



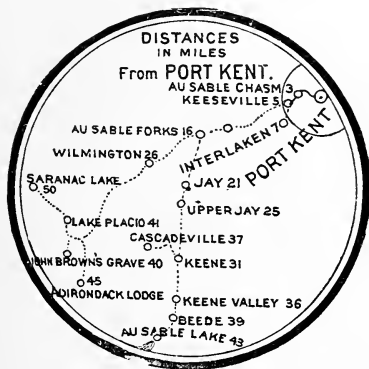
CHAPTER VI.

KEESEVILLE, THE AU SABLE RIVER AND SALMON RIVER VALLEY.

GATEWAY 2 leads from Port Kent past Au Sable Chasm (see page 40) and up the Au Sable River. **Keeseville**, on the Au Sable River, five miles from Port Kent, and nearly two above Au Sable Chasm is

thrifty and enterprising. It has a number of fine private residences and public edifices, built of the beautiful creamysandstone which underlieth this section of the country. The water-power is utilized in the twine, wire, and iron manufactories, and by

the Au Sable Horse-Nail Company, here, and at the Nail-Rod Works, on the road to Au Sable Chasm. It has numerous churches, a graded school, and a wide-awake weekly—the Essex County *Republican*—which keeps the public in a healthy state of agitation.



The Interlaken is on Augur Lake, two miles south of Keeseville. The house is three stories high and affords accommodations for about a hundred guests. It has 250 feet of veranda, and—as a concession to those who may be timid about fires—each has outside as well as inside, stairways. There are pine groves near the house and many pleasant drives in the vicinity. The place has many features of attraction to the moderate sportsman. There are good fishing ponds and streams and, every other day, free transportation to some one or other of these is given in the interests of sport. Augur Lake affords good boating and fishing. Beyond, at the south rise the rocky walls of Poke o'Moonshine and Baldface Mountains. Nearby is Augur Chasm, in character something like Au Sable Chasm. The Interlaken may be reached by stage from Keeseville; fare 50 cents. Rates \$2.50 day; \$10-\$15 week. For particulars address C. B. White, Keeseville. (See 248).

Au Sable Forks is at the junction of the east and west branches of the Au Sable river, 11.7 miles above Keeseville. The way is over a "state road" along the northwesterly side of the river and is extremely picturesque in a quiet, pastoral sense, a perfect roadbed making it ideal for carriage or automobile. It is a busy town with the J. & J. Rogers iron interests and the terminus of the Au Sable branch of the D. & H. railroad.

The American House is wholesome and is worthy of patronage. C. H. Green, proprietor. Rates, \$2 up per day. Stage for Keene Valley connects with morning train.

Jay is on the east branch of the Au Sable 6.1 miles south of the Forks. Hotel The Elmwood, J. R. Sweeney, proprietor. Rates, \$2-\$3 per day; \$8-\$12 per week. This is on the State road under process of construction, continuing on through **Upper Jay** (6 miles) to Keene (5 miles), beyond which is Keene Valley, for which see the following chapter:

* * * * *

Wilmington is on the West Branch about 11 miles above Au Sable Forks. The town gives marked evidence of former prosperity, and, at some past time, was a centre of considerable importance. Now it is a little hamlet, combining the old and the new picturesquely enough. A trail leads from this point 6 miles to the top of Whiteface Mountain.

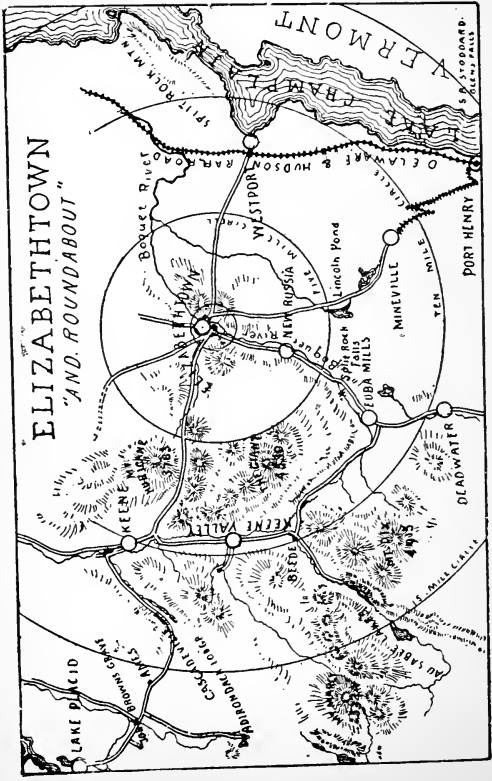
Whiteface Mountain House offers entertainment at \$2 to \$2.50 per day; \$8 to \$14 per week. F. E. Everest, proprietor. This house is specially attractive for its dainty furnishings and service.

The Whiteface Club on the west side of the river offers attractive quarters for visitors with special accommodations and supplies for touring autoists. Rates, \$3 per day. E. J. Olney & Son, proprietors.

Whiteface Mountain is best ascended from Wilmington, the road leading west then south in a gradual ascent, which can be made on horseback the greater part of the way. There is a camp near the summit offering acceptable fare and beds for such as wish to remain over night.

An excellent road—albeit hilly—runs south through Wilmington Notch (14 miles) to Lake Placid.

ELIZABETHTOWN "AND ROUNDABOUT"



CHAPTER VII.

ELIZABETHTOWN, KEENE VALLEY AND THE

AU SABLE LAKES.

Westport (see page 33) is the usual entrance from the east to Elizabethtown and Keene Valley. Daily stages run from morning trains week days -via Keene and Cascade Lakes to Lake Placid. The Elizabethtown Terminal Railroad, extending from Westport station to this point, is under process of construction to be in operation later in the season.

Elizabethtown is the county seat of Essex County, with native population of about 1,000. It is peculiarly an American town, having very little foreign population, with no mills or forges to fill the streams with sawdust, your clothes with soot, or your eyes with cinders. It has a specially wholesome and instructive weekly in form of the "Elizabethtown Post," edited and managed by George L. Brown; several churches and is the birthplace of a number of legal lights and celebrities. Pending the construction of the new road through Pleasant Valley, Elizabethtown is best reached by autos from the south via State road to Port Henry and Westport.

Maplewood Inn is in the valley part of the town nearly hidden among surrounding maples. Roberts Brothers, proprietors. Rates, \$2.50 to

\$4.00 per day; \$12.50 to \$21.50 per week. Open all the year. It has been gratefully improved under new management and is provided with modern conveniences, including gas, electric bells, rooms en suite with bath etc. The table is exceptionally good and daintily served. It has a cement and iron-cased garage of its own convenient to the house.

The Windsor is on the plain at the southern edge of the village. Orlando Kellogg & Son, proprietors. Rates, \$3.50 up per day. This is the great summer hotel of the valley. A noted stop-over house for automobilists and to be heartily recommended. The Cobble Hill Golf Links are near by at the south.

Deer's Head Inn, originally the Mansion house, is on the east side of road, near the Windsor. This house spreads an excellent table and caters specially to auto travel of which it gets its full quota. For particulars as to rates, etc., address its proprietor, Benjamin F. Stetson, Elizabethtown, N. Y.

Primes' Garage, just west of the Windsor on the road leading to Keene Valley can make needed repairs, supply gasoline, oils, etc., and store or furnish cars for hire on application.

Cobble Hill rises at the southwest edge of the plain like a huge, rough pyramid. Beyond this the level interval narrows to a mere notch.

Hunters' Home is 7 miles south of Elizabethtown, notable and of excellent reputation. Rates, \$10-\$15 per week. Laverty Brothers, proprietors. P. O. New Russia.

Split Rock Falls, a mile south of Hunters' Home, exceedingly picturesque, and the flume wild and broken. Two miles farther south is **Euba Mills**, where a road runs west, leading through Chapel Pond Gorge to St. Hubert's Inn, at the head of Keene Valley. A mile farther south is **Underwood**. Deadwater is 16 miles from Elizabethtown; **Roots**, 23 miles; **Schroon Lake**, 32 miles. **North of Elizabethtown** the road runs close under the frowning ledge of **Poke-o'-Moonshine**, past **Augur Lake** to **Keeseville**, 22 miles distant. **West**, the road winds upward through **Hurricane Pass** and down beyond, striking (10 miles from Elizabethtown) the north and south road which runs the length of Keene Valley.

* * * * *

Hurricane Lodge, which stood on the western slope of Hurricane Mountain where it descends toward Keene Valley, 900 feet below, was destroyed by fire in May, 1912.

Keene Centre is at the bottom of the valley, 12 miles from Elizabethtown. Northward from this point the road follows along the **Au Sable River** past **Upper and Lower Jay** to **Au Sable Forks**, where the east and west branches unite. Westward the way leads up through **Cascade Notch**—the wildest part of the Adirondacks reached by carriage—to **North Elba** and **Lake Placid**.

The Owls Head is here, the usual dining place for passengers between Westport and Lake Placid. Rates \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day, \$8 to \$12 per week. Guides and hunting and fishing outfits will be secured if desired and parties met at trains and boats if notice be sent in advance. Address W. A. Washburn, Keene, N. Y.

Keene Valley shows the loveliest combination of quiet valley, and wild mountain scenery of any section of the Adirondacks. The mountains are close on every side, rising steeply from the valley's floor which was once, undoubtedly, the bottom of an ancient lake, its one-time surface level indicated by the ancient beach, to be clearly seen now, along its western side. Its outlet may be looked for at right or left of the castellated bluff that fills the valley, centrally, just north of where the Elizabethtown road comes down the long hill. Three miles south of this point is Keene Valley (village and postoffice). Keene Heights is an added 3 miles and 3 1-2 miles farther finds the end of the road at the foot of beautiful Lower Ausable Lake.

The Keene Valley Garage near the center of the town, conducted by G. H. Luck Comany,

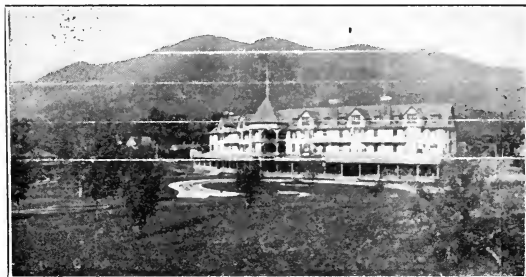


KEENE VALLEY GARAGE

can supply all essentials and make necessary repairs.

Keene Valley House is on the west side of the village, with accommodations for 150. Rates, \$2.50 per day; \$10 to \$16 per week. S. P. Clark, proprietor. In addition are a number of smaller boarding houses with rates from \$7.00 to \$14.00 per week. ✓

Southward the valley narrows until in places there seems hardly space between the hills for river and road



ST. HUBERT'S.

St. Hubert's Inn at St. Hubert's, three miles south of the village, is not open as a hotel ordinarily, but temporary accommodations can be had (limited to two days) on application, or for longer stay on introduction by a member of the association. Augustus J. Coughlan, manager during the winter of the Great Southern Hotel at Bogalusa, Louisiana, is summer manager at St. Hubert's. ✓

The Adirondack Mountain Reserve is south of St. Hubert's, including within its limits the Au



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LOWER AUSABLE LAKE.

Sable Lakes and the mountains surrounding them. Officers: R. W. DeForest, president; S. Sidney Smith, secretary; F. M. Weld, treasurer; W. S. Brown, superintendent in charge. The declared objects of the association are, the preservation of the forests, lakes and streams, the restocking of the waters with fish; the protection of game and the rendering more accessible, by roads and trails, of points interesting within its domains. Hunting is not permitted. Fishing is allowed only by special permit. Boats will not be rented on the Lakes nor will goods be sold by the agents of the company on Sundays. No malt or spirituous liquors are sold on the reserve. The club house and cottages are occupied by members of the association during the season. At the gate house, photographs and curios are sold. The road to Au Sable Lake affords one of the most delightful drives. Toll, 25 cents for each person; horse and rider, 25 cents. Pedestrians go free. Club members pay \$50 per year dues.

Lower Au Sable Lake is two miles long, narrow like a river, and extends north and south between Resagonia, or "Sawteeth," Mountain on the west, and Mt. Colvin on the east rising steeply nearly 2,000 feet above. There is no trail along its sides, which are almost impassable. **Indian Face** looks out over the water, equalled in its imposing strength only by the great stone face of the White Mountains. The view from Indian Head is wonderfully fine. **Rainbow Falls**, in the gorge over across the outlet and **Ribbon Falls** hanging down over the same cliff a little deeper in should be seen. The two are divided strands of the same stream, which here comes down off the Gothics.

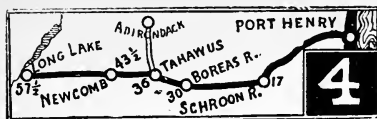
Boats can be secured at the boat house at foot of the lake. From the head of the Lower Lake a trail leads a mile through the woods to the Upper Lake.

Upper Au Sable Lake is nearly two miles long by a half mile wide. It is perhaps the most picturesque of all Adirondack lakes although not the wildest. There are a number of Open Camps here which visitors will be permitted to occupy when introduced by a club member. The guides receive \$3 a day for services and fifty cents per day will be charged each visitor for the use of camp.

The ascent of Mount Marcy from Keene Valley is generally by way of the Au Sable Lakes, the way leading up the inlet by boat to Marcy Brook, thence along the west side of Bartlett Mountain through Panther Gorge, or along the south side of the mountain to Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds

Chapel Pond Road leads southeast from the head of Keene Valley, where the right hand way climbs the hill to St. Hubert's. **Roaring Brook Falls** may be seen coming off from the Giant at the left as the gorge is entered making a descent of 300 feet in a series of cascades and chutes. **Chapel Pond**, about two miles from the turn, is in the deepest part of the gorge 1,620 feet above tide—a lonely sheet more fitting for solemn meditation than for angler's sport. The **Giant's Wash-bowl** is on the side of the mountain 500 feet above. The road continuing leads on to Euba Mills, then, branching, runs north to Elizabethtown and south through Schroon Valley.

Port Henry Gateway No. 4 (See page 31), is about 12 miles north of Ticonderoga. The road



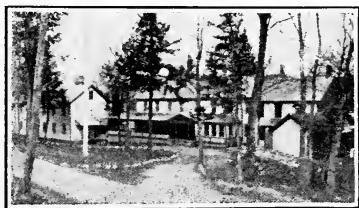
leads west to Moriah, thence southwest to Schroon River (Carson's, \$2

day). Stage runs daily, continuing on to Newcomb and Long Lake.

Gateway No. 6 (Fort Ticonderoga) leads to Ticonderoga (village) and to Baldwin at the north end of Lake George (5 miles), where steamers are taken for Caldwell. **Ticonderoga** is about midway between the two lakes. Stage daily (Sundays excepted) to Schroon Lake.

Eagle Lake is 7 miles west of Ticonderoga, in a narrow defile on the divide between Lake Champlain and Schroon Valley at an elevation of about 1,000 feet. It is nearly 3 miles long, narrow and closely pressed by precipitous shores.

Eagle Lake Hotel is near the east end of Eagle Lake. Capacity 75. George A. Houghtaling, owner and proprietor. Postoffice, Eagle Cliff.



EAGLE LAKE HOTEL

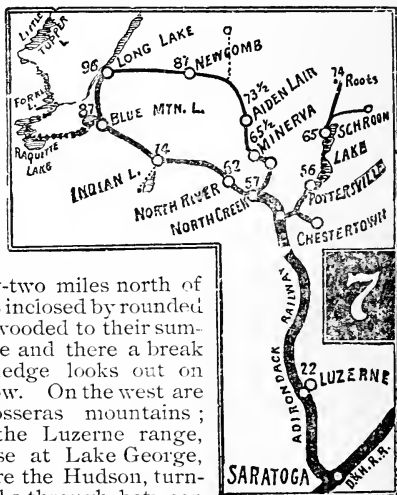
Pyramid Lake is 10½ miles from Ticonderoga and about the same from Schroon Lake. In the lake is a high rounded island which suggests the name. **Pyramid Lake House** is occupied by a club.

CHAPTER VIII.

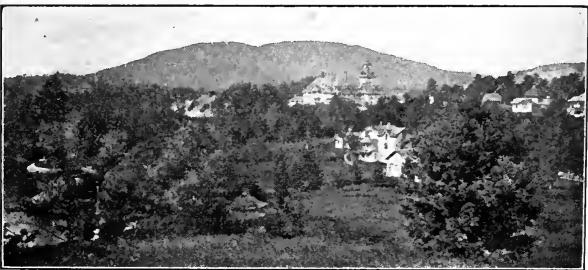
LUZERNE, SCHROON LAKE, NORTH CREEK AND THE "RUINED VILLAGE."

SARATOGA is Gateway No. 7. From this point the Adirondack Railroad runs north until it strikes the Hudson River at Corinth, thence up along its west bank to North Creek 57 miles distant.

Luzerne is situated at the junction of the Hudson and Sacandaga rivers, twenty-two miles north of Saratoga. It is inclosed by rounded hills, heavily wooded to their summits, save here and there a break where some ledge looks out on the valley below. On the west are the Kayaderosseras mountains; on the east, the Luzerne range, that has its rise at Lake George, and ends where the Hudson, turning east, breaks through between it and Mount McGregor on the south, where Grant, the soldier, came to die. Toward the north the mountains are broken, rocky and picturesque. These are



the outstretching spurs of the Adirondacks, from which the Hudson comes flowing quietly along to its union with the Sacandaga at Ti-si-ran-do, "the meeting of the waters." From this point down the river to Jessup's Landing are six miles of still running water, then the river sweeps around almost north again and makes a plunge of 60 feet over Palmer's Falls, then comes the big power plant at Spier Falls, then rapids and the "Big Bend" and finally the plunge at Glens Falls. Luzee is on the old Indian trail from the great villages of the Mohawks to the head of Lake George. Here King Hendrick and his braves encamped when on their way to join Johnson at Lake George in 1755.



WAYSIDE INN AND COTTAGES

Luzerne Lake is a pearl set in emerald, lying at quite an elevation above the village, a crystal drop on the hillside, held there by a narrow embankment through which the outlet finds its way out into the Hudson and to the sea.

The Wayside Inn is on high ground by the side of Lake Luzerne. Around it, scattered pictur-

esquely among the trees, are eleven cottages tributary to the main hotel, where all gather for necessary meals and social functions. The house and cottages give home to an even hundred with publicity or seclusion, as may be desired. Rates \$3.50 up per day transient, \$17.50 up per week. Ernest Serfling, proprietor.

All amusements common to mountain resorts can be had here from golf, tennis, autoing, driving or riding to boating, fishing or hunting as the visitor wills. Automobilists will find special accommodations for their cars with gasoline or other necessities of the road. Mr. Serfling speaks for himself on page 254.

Rockwell's Hotel by the riverside was made famous of old under the founder of the family of noted inkeepers of that name of which the manager of the Ten Eyck at Albany is the prominent surviving representative.

North of Luzerne the railroad runs along the river bank, at times crowded close against its brink as the valley narrows down and the mountains grow more abrupt and precipitous. **Riverside** is fifty miles from Saratoga. There is little to interest here, save the graceful suspension bridge thrown across from shore to shore over which the tourist goes to Chestertown and Schroon Lake.

Johnsburg is 5 miles southwest of Riverside. **Hutchins' Lodge** is a fine old mansion where Alvin Hutchins of old at Chain Lake is proprietor.

Chestertown is a thriving little village six miles east from Riverside. Its environments is picturesque with little lakes and valleys and rolling hills that rise at times to considerable mountains. A fine state road leads there and one al-

most as good thence southward to Lake George.

The Chester House stands on high ground, where the roads cross fronted by a nice grove of maples. Harry S. Downs, proprietor. The house



CHESTER HOUSE

has a long established reputation for wholesome excellence. Rates \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day, \$10 to \$15 per week.

Friends' Lake, 3 miles west and south of Chestertown, is picturesque and approved by many.

Valentine's at the south end of the lake is quite noted as a fishing resort.

Brant Lake is 5 miles east of Chestertown. A good road leading there over which an automobile stage runs regularly during the season to connect with trains at Riverside.

Pebloe Hotel on the west shore of the lake, near its southern end, will accommodate 125 guests. Rates \$10 up per week. Philetus Smith, proprietor.

Palisades Hotel is also on the west shore, about 2 miles further north. William Owens, proprietor. Rates \$2 per day, \$10 up per week.

To Schroon Lake over the state road from Riverside you may go in an automobile now. It's like "seeing New York," only a better air and lacks the noise, and incidentally a delightful change for the better over the stage coaches of old.

Potersville is a nice little village of a single street with rugged surroundings, though the necessity for stopping at the Pottersville hotel is not so apparent.

Schroon Lake is surrounded by mountains, not high but wild and rugged, broken into curious fragmentary masses around its south end, but growing smoother as you go north. It is nearly ten miles in length, about two wide, and divided into two nearly equal portions by approaching points at the narrows. It receives the waters of Paradox and other lakes and streams on the north, and empties through Schroon River into the Hudson at Thurman. The Steamboat landing at the outlet is something less than a mile from Pottersville.

Watch Rock Hotel is on the east shore, 4 miles from the outlet. The Taylor House will not be opened for guests the present season.

The Grove Point House stands on an elevated point extending from the west shore near the north end of the lake, a half mile from the village of Schroon Lake. Capacity 100. Capt. W. A. Mackenzie, proprietor. Rates, \$3.00 per day,

Schroon Lake I have spoken of in general. Schroon Lake in particular means the village at its head. The main street, through which the road runs to the north is a fine shaded avenue, the land sloping down to the edge of the lake, displaying the whole in a very pretty manner.

The Ondawa, first as approached from the south, has capacity for about 100 and is open all

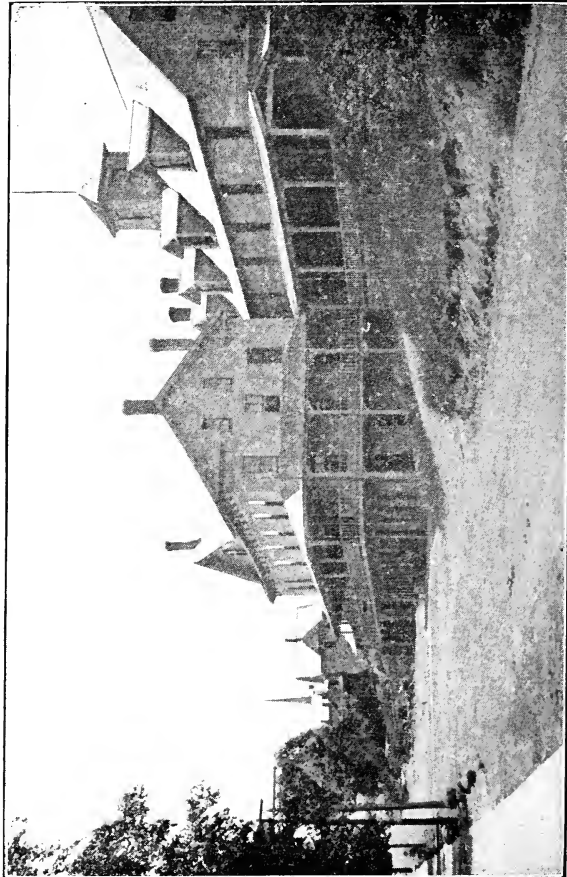


the year. \$3, to \$4 per day; \$14-\$21 week. The table is exceptionally good. F. C. Bailey, proprietor. ✓

Automobilists will find supply of gasoline and oils at G. W. Taylor's, directly apposite the On-dawa. - ✓

The Leland House is the largest of the hotels and with two cottages has accommodations for about 200 guests. \$3 to \$4 per day, \$21 up per week.

Carson's (formerly Root's) is at Schroon River 9 miles north of Schroon Lake. (See page 146). Northward from this point stretches the beautiful valley until the gradually approaching mountains come together at **Deadwater**, where the Schroon River, now but a mere brook, starts on its winding way southward. A little farther on is **Underwood**, home of the Wawonaissa Club, and after another mile roads diverge, the one bearing toward the right leading down around **Split Rock Falls**, 3 miles to Hunter's Home (page



ADIRONDACK HOTEL.

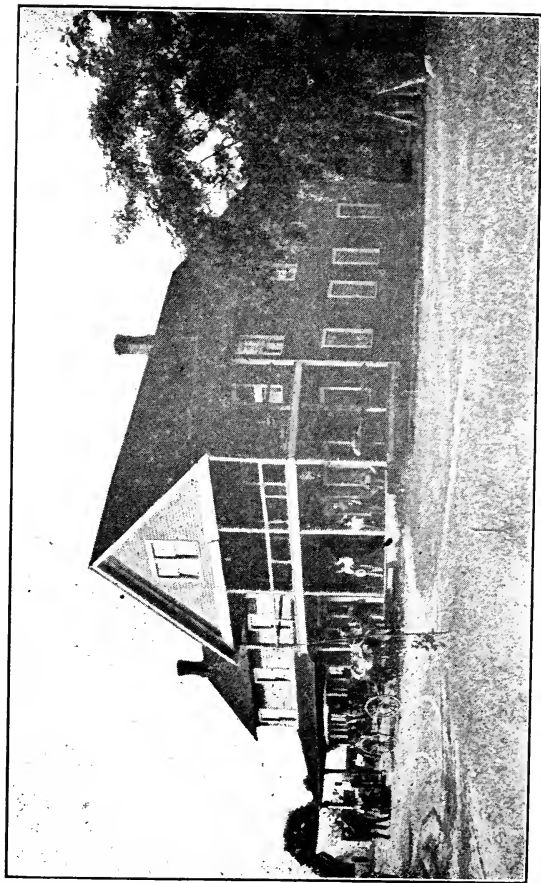
141) and to Elizabethtown, 10 miles (page 135); the other toward the left, upward through Chapel Pond Gorge to Keene Valley, about six miles distant, (page 140).

North Creek, 57 miles from Saratoga, is the northern terminus of the Adirondack Railroad. (See page 180.) Stages run week-days from North Creek to Blue Mt. Lake. Fare, \$2.50. A buckboard for the drive carrying 3 persons costs from \$10 to \$12. The road west, which had been allowed to suffer from neglect, has been greatly improved. It is now in excellent condition and passable for automobiles except in extremely wet weather, but the way is long and it is recommended that private conveyance be secured at North Creek for the journey through to Blue Mountain Lake, for which apply to agent on platform on arrival of trains.

The **Adirondack House** at North Creek is the leading hotel with capacity for 100 guests. Rates \$2 and up per day. It has steam heat, with modern conveniences and furnishings. A free 'bus runs to all trains. Buckboards and rigs suitable for long or short drives can be secured at the office. Moynehan & Anderson, proprietors.

The **North Creek Garage**, operated by the N. C. Telephone Company at the central office just south of the Adirondack House, can furnish all kinds of auto supplies. The plant is fitted with lathe and drill-press of the latest type with all the tools of the business in charge of a skilled machinist. A. Pireau, Proprietor. See page 267.

MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE



Minerva is 8 miles from North Creek on the line of the new state road which is to be continued westward past Newcomb to Long Lake. **Automobile Stage** runs from North Creek on arrival of morning train, continuing on to Newcomb in the afternoon.

The Mountain View House here affords good accommodations and wholesome fare. It is a convenient dining place and rooms are reserved for automobilists. This is one of the newer hotels in the chain owned and operated by John Anderson, Jr., of Newcomb. Rates \$2.50 up per day; special by the week. The house has an altitude of 1,400 feet. Toward the east it looks over into a deep valley. At the left, past overgrown orchards and abandoned farms, the road goes galloping away into the woods. Toward the right it leads through prosperous farms to Olmstedville, 3 miles distant. This is an old settled country, restful as the Berkshires, quaint and wholesome. There are small hotels and boarding houses in and about the villages, at from \$5 to \$10 per week. It cannot be described. It is unlike anything about the Adirondacks anywhere else.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

Its grass-grown roads and quaint ways are a continuous delight. Get a horse and an easy riding carriage of your host of the Mountain View and make a day or two of it. See page 262.

✓ **Aiden Lair Lodge**, 7 miles north of Minerva. M. F. Cronin, "the man who drove Roosevelt" that black night when the rough rider raced to become president, is proprietor.

Nine miles north of Aiden Lair a road branches to the right leading (2 1-2 miles) to Tahawus. The main way which is a fine section of state road continuing west (5 miles) to Newcomb, for which see page 173.

Tahawus is at present centered in a single house, **The Lower Club House**, belonging to the Tahawus Club, whose headquarters are at the Upper Adirondack Works. Five miles up, the foot of **Lake Sanford** is reached. The lake is four miles long with low marshy shores, punctured here and there by round hills and knobby points. Just above the head of Lake Sanford is the "Old Forge," now in ruins.

The Tahawus Club leased the hunting and fishing privilege from the MacIntyre Iron Company, consisting of nearly 90,000 acres extending to the Upper AuSable Lake on the east and from the Lower Works to include Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds and Lake Colden at the north, with headquarters at the Upper Works. It may be of interest to

note that the first steel manufactured in the United States was made here. The MacIntyre Iron Company is composed entirely of the descendants of the original three owners of the property. They show a gold medal awarded for the only exhibit of American steel at the Great Exhibit in London in 1851, and a silver medal for the best exhibition there of Cast Iron from the United States. A bit of history of a later date is in the fact that Vice President Roosevelt, while a guest here of James MacNaughton received the sad word that brought him to the presidency of the United States.

History of Adirondack. In 1826 Messrs. Henderson, McMartin, and McIntire owned and operated iron-works at North Elba, where they were shown a piece of ore of remarkable purity by an Indian, which, the man said, came from a place where "water run over dam, me find plenty all same." The services of the Indian were secured at once, at the munificent rate of two shillings and what tobacco he could use per day, to conduct them to the place spoken of, where the water literally poured over an iron dam. A tract of land embracing the principal ore beds in the vicinity, was promptly secured, forges built, and a road cut from the lower works out to Lake Champlain. But the expense of transportation to market swallowed all the profit and the enterprise proved a financial failure. The work

however was persevered in until the death of Mr. Henderson, who was killed in 1845 by the accidental discharge of his pistol at a place now known as **Calamity Pond**. The body was borne out on the shoulders of workmen, and afterwards a beautiful monument placed where he fell, bearing the inscription : "*Erected by filial affection to the memory of our dear father, David Henderson, who accidentally lost his life on this spot by the premature discharge of a pistol, 3d Sept., 1845.*" In the death of Mr. Henderson the motive power was removed and in 1856 work was discontinued. In 1858 the surviving partners died, and the works were abandoned. There was something gruesome about the Ruined



ADIRONDACK IN 1874.

Village when we approached in our tramp of '73. A quarter of a century had passed since the hum of industry sounded there. Where once sounded the crash of machinery and the shouts of children at play, all was still save perhaps the shrill bark of the fox or the whir of the startled partridge. Instead of the music of voices all was silence, solemn and ghostly. Over the mountains and the middle ground hung a dark funereal pall of cloud, across which the setting sun cast bars of ashen light that fell on the nearer build-

ings, bringing out their unseemly scars in ghastly relief, and lying in strips across the grass-grown street which led away into the shadow. On either side stood cottages, stained and blackened by time, with broken windows, doors unhinged, falling roofs and crumbling foundations. At the head of the street was the old furnace, one chimney still standing, one shattered by the thunderbolt in ruins at its feet. The water-wheel—emblem of departed power—lay motionless, save as piece by piece it fell away. Huge blocks of iron, piles of rusty ore, coal bursting from the crumbling kilns, great shafts broken and bent, rotting timbers, stones and rubbish, lay in one common grave, over which loving nature had thrown a shroud of creeping vines. Near the centre of the village was a large house that at one time accommodated a hundred boarders, now grim and silent. Near by at the left stood the pretty school house, the steps worn by many little feet, had rotted and fallen, the windows were almost paneless, the walls cracked and rent asunder where the foundation had dropped away, and the doors yawning wide, seemed to say **not** “welcome” but “go”—

“O’er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted.”

To-day out little remains of the Ruined Village. All but two or three of the buildings that stood in 1873 have been removed or destroyed. The ancient school-house does duty as a fish hatchery. The old kilns are overgrown with vines and shrubbery. The big old house, re-arranged and modernized, is a hotel under *the* management of David Hunter, Superintendent for the MacIntyre Iron Co., held as a game and fish preserve for the use of members and friends. The

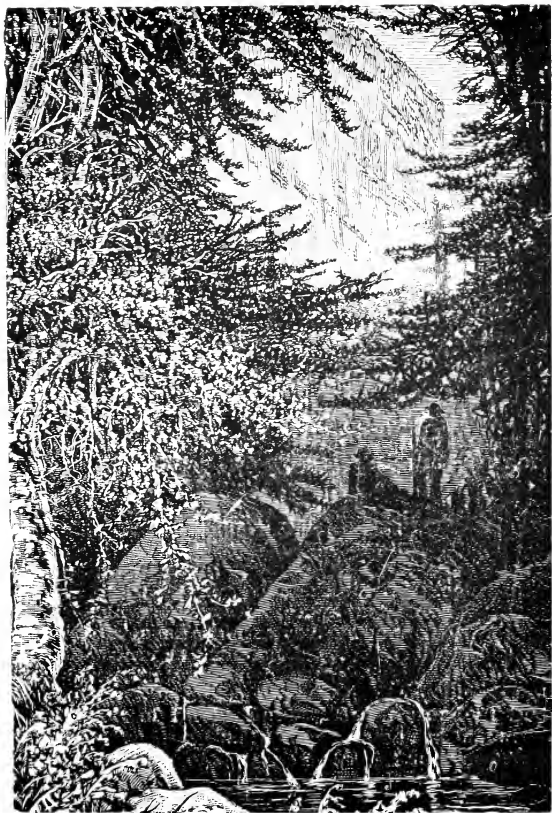
THE ADIRONDACKS.

rules of the club proclaim it a "close corporation," but no one understanding the circumstances can find reasonable objection as the stringent regulations adopted apply equally to all members, no one being permitted to hunt or fish outside the season as established by law, or to hunt at all except on regularly appointed occasions. The **Club Houses** at Tahawus and here, although primarily intended for the accommodations of club members, will provide fare for the chance visitor. Price of accommodations is fixed at \$3 per day for all persons except guides and servants, and no person not a member of the club or their guests, will be entertained for more than a single night unless under pressing conditions.

From the Ruined Village to Calamity Pond is 5 miles ; to Lake Colden 7 miles ; to top of Marcy 12 miles. See pages 127-130. •

Lake Henderson is half a mile north of the Ruined Village. It is two miles long with its outlet near the center, on the east. From its head a trail leads to the **Preston Ponds**, the head of Cold River, which flows west into Raquette River below Long Lake. Toward the north we look up a gradual slope through Indian Pass ; the dark green sides of McIntire coming steeply down on the east side with the perpendicular cliffs of mighty Wallface on the west.

Indian Pass is among the grandest features of the Adirondack Mountains. The distance through from the Ruined Village to Adirondack Lodge is about 11 miles. By boat through Lake Henderson reduces the walking distance about a mile. From the head of Lake Henderson, for three miles, the rise is gradual, then we begin to climb, crossing the rivulet back and forth as we go upward, making long de-



tours to the right, at times, ascending the mountain some distance, and following a level stretch along its sides until the wildly dashing torrent is reached once more; then upward and onward, the path growing wilder and more difficult as we proceed, the brooklet bounding from rock to rock, now lost in some dark cavern, now trickling down among the huge boulders or gurgling in muffled music beneath our feet, anon bursting out, to rest a moment in some mossy basin, pure crystal in an emerald setting, on which float fairy ships of leaves. We get occasional glimpses through the trees of **Great Wallface**, appearing perhaps but a shade or two darker than the blue above until at last, through, an opening it comes out; vast, grand, overwhelming immeasurable! The eye sees it hanging in mid-air, a cloud, an outline, a color and bows beneath its awful weight. The giant pines that fringe its brow seem but bristling hair the great rifts that scar its sides, but a faint tracery of lines where cool gray shadows or yellow sunlight, mayhap race swiftly across or lay in slant bars along its misty face. But the highest point is not reached yet; we are just entering at the lower gate, and for nearly a mile it is a continuous climb over great chaotic masses of jagged rocks thrown down by some convulsion of Nature, now on some huge fragment that seems ready to topple over into the gulf below, now where hang dripping mosses and sprawling roots—stooping, crawling, clinging to projecting limbs, climbing slippery ledges, upward all the time! At last we stand on **Lookout Point**. Close by rises that grand wall a thousand feet. The bottom of the gorge is three hundred feet below. The cliff reaches out north and south, majestic, solemn and oppressive in its nearness. A long line of great fragments have

THE ADIRONDACKS.

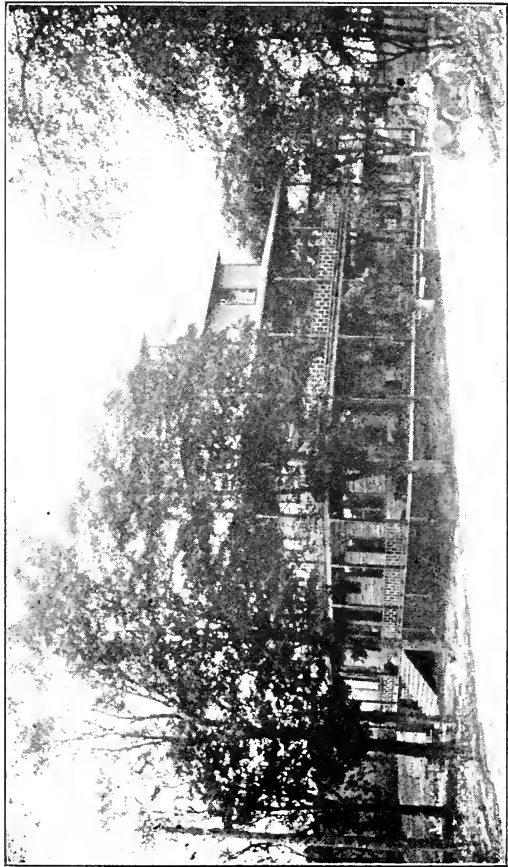
fallen year by year, and now lies at its foot. Hugh caverns yawn on every side and mighty rocks rear their heads where He who rules the earthquake cast them centuries ago. Along back, down the gorge we look, to where—five miles away and 1,300 feet below—is Lake Henderosn, a shining drop in the bottom of the great emerald bowl. As we have risen, the sweet gurgling music of the infant Hudson has died away. Then, as we pass onward, comes the familiar sound once more—faintly at first, then more distinctly—the singing of little waters; first trickling over rocks, then dancing downward, increased in volume by tributary streams from the slopes of McIntire, dancing away toward the north, the impetuous AuSable, twin brother at birth and rocked in the same mountain cradle with the mighty Hudson that goes rolling southward to the sea.

Does it pay to go through Indian Pass? I answer a thousand times yes. It costs a little exertion, but the experiences and emotions of the day will come back in a flood of recollections that lift the soul a little higher and makes one better for a visit to that grand old mountain ruin.

* * * * *

Three miles from the Junction of the Tahawus branch, 12 miles from Aiden Lair, the road crosses the Hudson river and, a little beyond, passes Lake Harris, noted for its big bass.

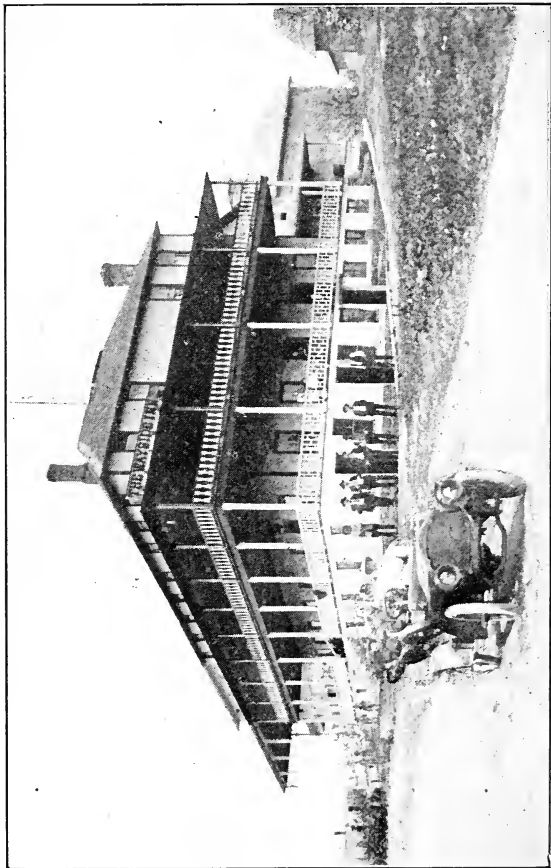
Lake Harris House standing here is a substantial building, comfortably furnished and with modern improvements—accommodating about 50 guests. Rates \$2 to \$5.00 per day. The house is lighted with acetylene gas and has furnace and steam heat. John Anderson, Jr., proprietor. The road was established long ago and had a narrow



LAKE HARRIS HOUSE.

fringe of land under cultivation, but seems to have gone back to nature in places. Mr. Anderson's holding of 6,000 acres of woods and waters' is nearly surrounded by miles of State land and private preserves devoted to the propagation of fish and game where hunting and fishing is only by favor, is the ideal sporting ground and made free to guests. In the past the condition of the road has kept many away, but the loop of the new state road now completed through Newcomb, promises guests beyond capacity for entertainment.

The Wayside Inn at Newcomb, 1 1-4 mile west of Lake Harris, is not too stylish for corduroys and shirt waists, but is attractive and nicely furnished, the fare abundant and wholesome. The house is owned also by John Anderson, Jr., and is headquarters for his extensive land operations in this section, but is a pleasant "wayside" to fall by, and his manager here will make it comfortable for the visitor. Guides and all accessories for hunting and fishing can be had here at Newcomb. There are daily mails and telephone connection with the Western Union Telegraph. Additions to the main house gives a large public room and several very desirable sleeping rooms with hot and cold water, private baths, large open fireplaces, etc. The house is lighted with acetylene gas. Rates \$2 to \$3.50 per day. Special at both houses for long term for which address John Anderson, Jr., Newcomb, N. Y. See page 274. ✓



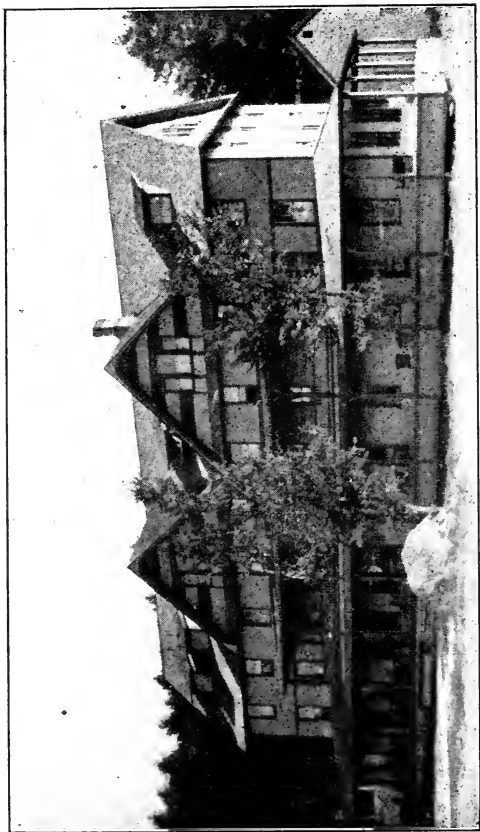
THE WAYSIDE INN.

A fairly good road leads westward 14 miles to Long Lake. A water route leads northwest through Rich and Catlin lakes to Long Lake striking the latter near its outlet.

Long Lake is about 14 miles in length and 1 mile in width at the widest part, which is near its outlet. It receives the waters of the Raquette at its head, runs in a northeasterly direction and gives them up to the Raquette River at its foot, which, flowing northward, passes within about 2 miles of Upper Saranac Lake, then turns west, touching the foot of Tupper Lake, thence northwesterly past Potsdam to the St. Lawrence. Its shores are strikingly diverse at different points, showing bold cliffs, gentle slopes, overhanging trees and beautiful sand beaches at intervals along their extended stretch. It has several very pretty islands, the larger ones near the north end.

Long Lake, with Raquette River, forms the regular highway between this section and the Saranac region at the north. A steamer runs mornings and afternoons (Sundays excepted) to the foot of the lake and return. Fare 75 cents one way. Round trip, \$1.25.

The unsightly barns and dwellings which have formerly obstructed the view from the Wayside south with their accompanying land have been acquired by Mr. Anderson and will be razed or removed and the valley beyond flooded with communicating lakes and stocked with fish as a private preserve. A deer park on the north extending from the house to the shores of the lake is another scheme that has found lodgement in the fertile brain of the land holder, in all of which guests will be the beneficiaries. (page 272).



ADIRONDACK HOUSE, LONG LAKE.

Owl's Head Mountain, near the head of the lake, on the west, is 2,825 feet high. **Long Lake** is 1,614 feet above tide. To the west the country is comparatively level. On the east is **Mount Kempshall**; on the north is seen the blue serrated summit of **Mount Seward**, 4,384 feet above tide.

Continuing northward down the outlet, which is the **Raquette River** continued, **Raquette Falls** is reached 6 miles below. Seven miles further is junction with **Stony Creek** which leads from **Indian Carry** on the **Upper Saranac**, for which see page 91.

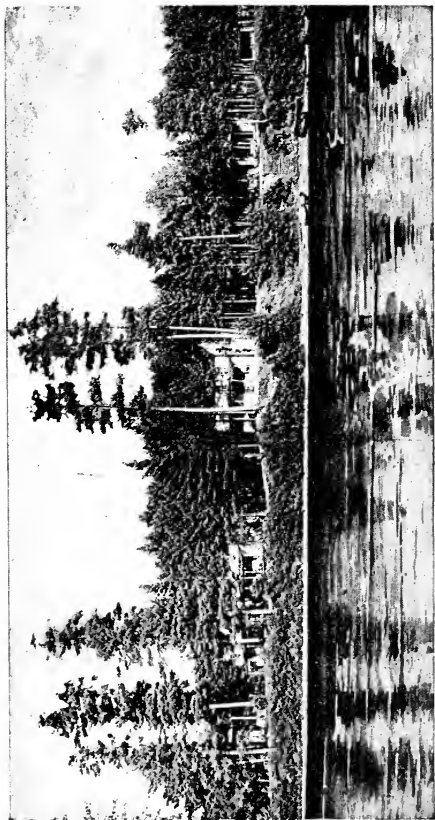
Long Lake West on the **Adirondack** division of the **N. Y. Central**, is the most convenient point of entrance. The road (20 miles through burnt forest), is rather rough in places, but with light rigs, not uncomfortable.

Long Lake Village lies a half mile east of the lake. The section around about, although long settled in spots, remains still among the wildest of **Adirondack** sporting grounds.

The Adirondack House is on the east side, 4 1-2 miles from the head of the lake, where the road from **Newcomb** crosses over, going toward **Long Lake West**. Rates, \$2 to \$2.50 per day, \$10-\$18 per week. **D. B. Moynihan**, proprietor. It has an excellent table, good furnishings, baths, etc. (See

Carriage to Forked Lake (connecting with **Raquette Lake Steamer**) by prearrangement, 2 people, \$4.00;

The Sagamore stands on a bluff projecting from the east shore of the lake, 4 miles from its head. It has capacity for about 200 guests. **James H. Reardon**, well known among hotel men, is proprietor. For rates apply.



DEERLAND LODGE

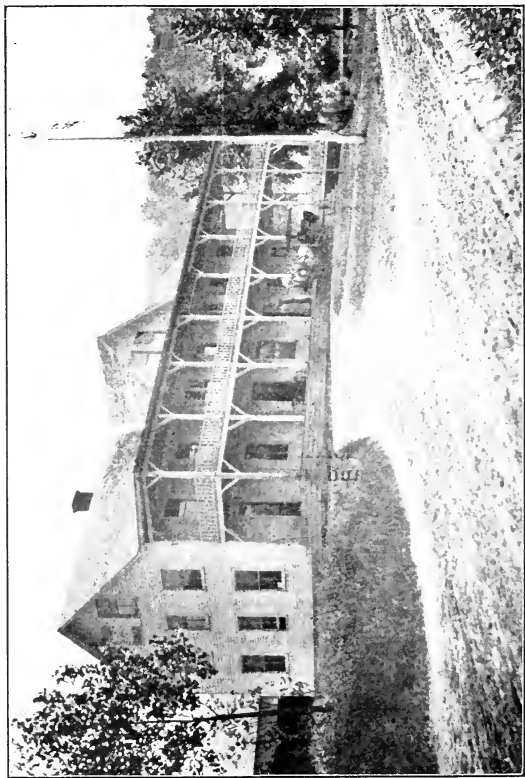
THE ADIRONDACKS.

Deerland Lodge is about 2 miles from the head in a grove of tall pines on the abrupt eastern bank of the lake, seven miles from Raquette and 8 miles from Blue Mountain lake. Capacity of house and 15 cottages, about 150 guests. Cottages have open fires, baths and modern improvements, including bath, hot and cold water. P.O.(Deerland) and telephone is in the house. Golf (9 holes) on the hotel property. Tennis, boating and bathing are the standard amusements, added to hunting and fishing for which accessories will be furnished on application.. Hotel rates: Transients \$3-\$4 per day, \$17.50 per week. (See page 263.) Open June to November. A. D. Brown & Co., proprietors.

Deerland may be reached via Long Lake West. (stage or private conveyance) or by Raquette Lake Steamer to Forked Lake carry, thence by carriage over new road 9 miles to the Lodge. In the latter case arrangements must be made in advance. Carriage charge for 2 people, with light baggage, will be \$4.00; 3 people, \$5.00.

* * * * *

Buttermilk Falls is reached by a half-mile carry from the head of Long Lake and a like distance up the winding inlet. Here the water dashes foams over the rocks in a descent of about 20 feet, the name, not very poetical, probably suggested by the churning it gets in reaching bottom. This is generally understood to be the "Phantom Falls," over which Murray went in his boat in pursnit of the phantom form, as described in his early chronicles of adventures in the wilderness. "A very probable story for a minister to tell," said my old guide to me once in passing. "Why, I drove a brood of young ducks down over there once—the old one knew better than to go—she flew up stream; but they—a dozen of 'em—went over, and only three came out alive. He talk of



ORDWAY HOUSE AT NORTH RIVER.

'shooting Buttermilk Falls'—there isn't Baptist enough about him for that water. But there's one thing he **can** 'shoot'; that's the long bow." Alas for Mr. Murray's reputation for veracity! His beautiful creations of fancy, conjured up by that fertile brain, are held as witnesses against him, simply because, in his lavish generosity, he enriched the common occurrences of every-day life in the woods with the precious incense of conceptive genius, and left a dazzled world to separate the real from the ideal! The guides took him literally, and, though then in the high tide of his popularity, had come to the conclusion that if his preaching was not a better guide to Heaven than his book to the Adirondacks, his congregation might manage to worry along with a cheaper man.

A carry around the falls, 1 1-2 miles of uncertain boating and carry a like distance followed by 1 1-2 mile boating and 1 1-2 carry (horse draw-over, \$1.50 for boat and duffle) lets into Forked Lake, through which Raquette Lake is reached. See page 197.

Forked Lake is north of Raquette Lake outlet, 5 miles long east and west, quite straight on its south side, irregular along the north and opening up into far-reaching bay—itself the main branch on which is strung a succession of deep bays, with intervening points extending from east to west.

* * * * *

From North Creek to Blue Mountain Lake is 30 miles. See page 211. Stages run week-days from North Creek to Blue Mt. Lake. Fare, \$2.50.

North River is 5 miles on the way and is the usual dining place.

The Ordway Hotel is the best house at North River. W. H. Lynch, proprietor. This is practically a new house—built in 1903—and has modern fittings and conveniences, including steam

heat and hot and cold water in all guests' rooms. It will provide for 50 guests. Table is excellent. Transient rates, dinner 75 cents, per day, \$2.00. By the week \$10 to \$12. Children, half price. It is clean, wholesome and to be commended. **Thirteenth Lake** (4 miles west of North River, a fair road) is three miles long by one-half mile wide, 1,952 feet above tide, and affords excellent fishing.

A short distance above North River we leave the river and climb up through a high notch at the west, rising a thousand feet in something less than four miles, then descending gradually, cross a stretch of burnt land to **Indian River**. The Indian River Hotel, with capacity for 40 is here at the crossing, 11 miles from North River. It is frequented some by hunters, but is not specially attractive or to be recommended. **The Seven Chain Lakes** are north of Indian River about seven miles, reached over an indifferent road.

Indian Lake (P. O.) is one mile west of Indian River. A few houses at intervals along the road, a hotel, stores, and a postoffice constitute the village. **Indian Lake**. (The lake proper) is about two miles south of the village. The original lake was about three miles long, but the "overflow" sets back in times of high-water, increasing its length to some-postoffice constitute the village.

✓ **The Commercial Hotel** is a comfortable house and spreads a good table. Edward Hickey, proprietor. Rate \$2.00, American plan.

✓ **Palmatier & McGinn**, across the way from the Commercial, provide for automobilists with gas, oils, batteries, etc.

The lake itself is 2 miles south of the village. The original lake was about three miles long, but the "overflow" sets back in times of high-water,



COMMERCIAL HOTEL

increasing its length to something more than twelve miles. **Lewey Lake** is twelve miles south of Indian Lake Village, a passable road continuing south another dozen miles to Lake Pleasant, where the "State road" is found leading out to Northville and Sacandaga Park.

..**Cedar River House** is about two miles west of Indian Lake (20 miles from North Creek). F. E. Wood, proprietor. Capacity, 30. Rates, \$2-\$2.50 per day; \$8 to \$12 per week.

Blue Mountain Lake is ten miles further, for which see pages 211-215.

* * * * *

The Stone road from Albany continues through Amsterdam. (**Hotel Warner** with a La Carte service and garage) branching northward at Tribes Hill to Gloversville. (**The Kingsborough**

is new and thoroughly up-to-date, which autoists will do well to remember). From Gloversville the road runs north easterly to Sacandaga Park, populous with cosy summer cottages and quite suggestive of a mountain Coney Island in its amusement features.

The Adirondack Inn among the trees here is delightfully attractive and its genial host, C. O. Chamberlin, a pleasure to know. Modern needs are considered in garage and grills for the transient. Daily rates \$3.00.

Northville is across the Sacandaga River a little farther on and marks the end of the railroad and the crossing of the stone road to the east bank.

From Wells you cross the river and take to the woods climbing gradually upward along an exceedingly picturesque stream and on to Speculator at the north end of Lake Pleasant.

Osborne Inn is on the shore of Lake Pleasant at its northern extremity, where the road from the south first touches the Lake. It is kept by Mrs. William Osborne and offers a homelike environment notable even where wholesome welcome and entertainment is the rule rather than the exception among inns. Rates to transients are \$2 to \$3 per day. For early summer and late autumn the price is special for which address the proprietor. Guides and boats are furnished when wanted and standard amusements provided.

The Lake Pleasant House is a little farther on. A concrete walk runs to the bathing beach and boat house adjoining. Fishing bats and guides are provided on application. It is an old established house under new management and new fittings. Open the year round. Rates per day, \$2.00; by the week, from \$10.00 to \$14.00, with

special rates to families, for which address the proprietor, Lee L. Fountain. P. O. Speculator.

The Sturges House has been established here for many years and has through all the time bourne an excellent reputation. From youth on it has been the pride of the couple now venerable and enjoying a well earned rest while still welcoming the hosts of friends their right living has brought around them. Comforts of the homely kind are here found with wholesome fare and a royal welcome. For the actively inclined guides and hunting and fishing outfits are provided. Rates \$2.00 per day; \$10 to \$12 per week, with special for families and for months of June, September and October. David Sturges, proprietor.

Camp Perkins, 6 1-2 miles beyond Speculator, is of logs and an excellent example of primal conditions in Adirondack hotels. The accommodations are substantial and the fare robust. The road for ten miles northward, though passable for cars in favorable weather, is not to be commended. It should not be undertaken in a wet season. At Lewey Lake it grows better and along the west shore of Indian Lake is good. (For Indian Lake see page 182).

Central Station, New York, morning and evening, composed of Wagner Vestibule Buffet Drawing-room and Sleeping Cars, running through without change to Fulton Chain Lakes, Childwold, Tupper Lake, Saranac Lake, Paul Smith's, Loon Lake, Malone, Montreal, and Ottawa.

The road from Herkimer north is the most picturesque; the one from Utica the most direct with the best train service. The two come together at Remsen. White Lake is well up in the air but its waters are not in evidence from the station. Otter Lake is wild and woodsy enough. **McKeever**, 43 miles from Utica, is a big lumber mill with its accompanying business, and a saw-dust beach beside a made pond covered with logs awaiting desiccation.

Moose River House is 4 miles west of McKeever; capacity about 30.

* * * * *

Fulton Chain (station) is 281 miles from New York. Here is the old Arnold clearing, which a century ago promised to become a centre of considerable importance. This section is often spoken of as the "**Brown Tract**," and comprehends the lands lying around the head-waters of the Moose River, so named after John Brown, of Providence, R. I. (who must not be confounded with that other John Brown the "Old Man of Ossawatimie," who lies buried at North Elba), who became its owner in 1793. A son-in-law, Baron Herreshoff also came and under his direction a large forge was built below the first of the Fulton Chain of Lakes and the manufacture of iron begun. With science and enthusiasm linked, as the chronicle relates the baron threw heart and soul into the enterprise and finally—when he found that it had cost a dollar a pond to make the iron—threw himself into the hole which they had dug and called on the men to cover him over. Later to end the affair he shot and killed himself.

FOURTH LAKE.



THIRD LAKE.



SECOND LAKE

FIRST LAKE.



THE FULTON CHAIN OF LAKES FROM BALD MOUNTAIN

Old Forge to-day is quite a thriving town with stores, churches, land improvement agencies and other indications of thrifty growth. A spur from the main line at Fulton Chain two miles distant, lands passengers at the dock where the steamers start with varying rates of speed for various points along the Chain of Lakes.

The Adirondack, at Old Forge, is a worthy little house suggestive of an English inn. The fare is good and rates moderate—\$8-\$12 per week; \$1.50 per day. Miss Ella Hughes, proprietor.

Automobile stage runs from Old Forge to all passenger trains at Fulton Chain. Fare 25 cents.

The Forge House overlooks the station and steamboat landing and is a convenient stop over place in going north or south. Transient rates, \$3 to \$4 per day. A. M. Briggs, proprietor.

Fulton Chain is composed of eight lakes, their combined length being about 20 miles. The chief life is centered in the section between and around Old Forge and the head of Fourth Lake. The Old Forge dam renders the stream above navigable and makes First, Second, and Third Lakes, practically one sheet of water. Rounding a sandy point on which is the summer camp of Dr. Nichols, of St. Louis, you enter Second Lake through a broad opening, where on the east side, hidden among trees, was the summer camp of the late President Harrison. At the northeast a narrow passage leads into Third Lake.

Bald Mountain House is at the head of Third Lake, five miles from Old Forge. C. M. Barrett, proprietor. House and cottages will provide for about 150 guests. The central building has open

fire-places and wood stoves, electric bells and is lighted by gas, presenting a general air of comfort which is very attractive. The grounds are ample, opening out into the virgin forest at the west and north. Hunting and fishing enter into the amusements of the place. Regular mail and telephones place the visitors in sufficiently close communication with the outer world.

The table is exceptionally good and wholesome, the proprietor assiduous in his duties, and the place altogether is one to be commended. Rates are \$2.50 to \$4 per day; \$16 to \$28 per week. See page 273.

Bald Mountain lies at the west of Third Lake, the trail leading away from the Bald Mountain House. The ascent is by a gentle rise save at one point near the summit, where a breath-taking climb is necessary to scale the height, thence along its back-bone of rock to the top. From this point—the highest in this section—an extraordinarily fine view of lake and wilderness is had, showing almost the whole of the first four lakes of the chain.

Fourth Lake is the largest of the chain, being 6 miles in length. It is entered just beyond Bald Mountain House through a short passageway bending like a letter "s." The opening view is a genuine surprise, revealing a broad sheet of water, the shore lined for some distance on the left with cottages of varying colors, with hints of others here and there on the right where they stretch away into the distance and are lost beyond one prominent island. There are upwards of a hundred cottages grouped on the shores of this lake. A road extending along the west and north sides accommodates the many cottagers, and the new railroad

which comes from Clearwater station soon joins it, continuing eastward to Raquette Lake. The principal hotels of the section are on this lake. In addition are a number of camps where entertainment can be obtained at varying prices, according to accommodations, ranging from \$7 to \$20 per week. At the right on entering the lake is The Manhasitt. "Camp Fulton" is among the trees on the west shore, kept by Mrs. F. L. Payne. Camps Onondaga are on the north shore about midway of the lake. \$1 to \$3 per day; \$8 to \$12 week. p. 239.

Becker's Camp is at Big Moose Landing, on the north shore, 1-4 mile from Fair View station. Fred Becker, proprietor.

The Mohawk, a fine new house standing back of Camp Mohawk cottages, is a fine specimen of hotel construction.

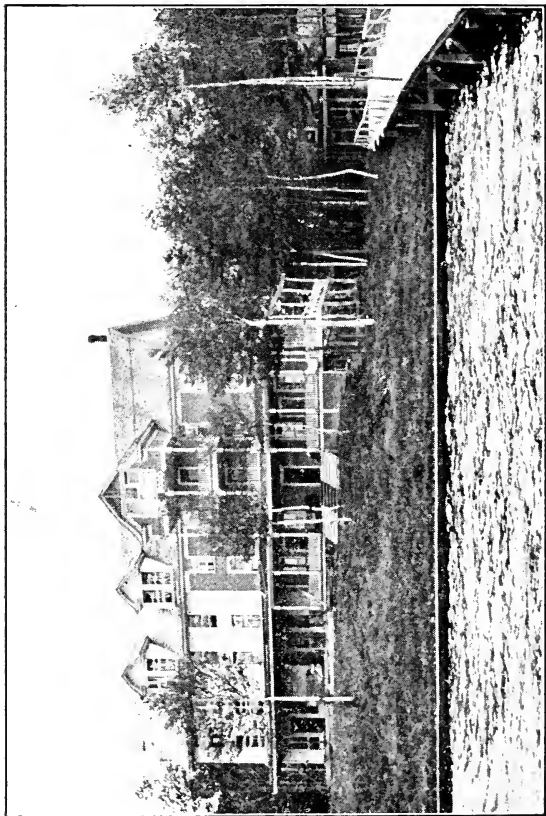
Eagle Bay Hotel is at the northernmost point of Fourth Lake where the Raquette Lake railroad touches, then takes to the woods again.

Cedar Island, midway of the lake between Eagle Bay and Arrowhead, is well covered by the various buildings which constitute the hotel accommodations. A. G. Delmarsh, manager. Rates, \$14-\$21 week; \$2-\$3 day. **Dollar Island**, in a line between Cedar Island and Rocky Point Inn, affords room for a modest little cottage. It is needless to remark that the name does not indicate the price.

Rocky Point Inn is on a thin promontory projecting centrally from the east end of the lake. The point continuing ends in Pagoda Island. Rates \$4 per day, \$15-\$28 per week. A. G. Delmarsh, proprietor.

Bear Mountain (or Bare Mountain as you like) and Rocky Mountain overlook the head of the lake

THE WOOD.



and give wonderfully interesting views of lake and forest. Good trails lead to the top.

The Wood is a new name to an old established resort known formerly as Hess Camp standing on high land at the east end of the lake. Capacity of house and cottages about 100. Rates \$3 and up per day, \$12 up per week. P. O., Inlet, N. Y. All the essentials for sport can be secured here in form of fishermen's outfits, boats, guides and camp supplies and the fund of woodsy information possessed by the proprietor who is an old hunter of note is placed freely at the disposal of guests. (See page 247). P. C. Wood, formerly of the Forge House, the new proprietor has worked wonders in reconstruction and improvements, in doubling the capacity of the house, in eliminating the unsightly and beautifying the grounds, and still greets guests with the same welcome that won such a host of friends at the Old Forge in past seasons. ✓

The Arrowhead stands in a grove of birches at the mouth of the Inlet with accommodations for about 125. Rates \$2 to \$4 per day, \$12 and upward per week. C. A. O'Hara, proprietor. **Inlet Inn** on the still waters of the inlet a few steps beyond the Arrowhead, is utilized for the overflow from the larger house. A well equipped store in the Inn supplies general merchandise and fancy work. The altitude of the Arrowhead is officially given as 1717 feet above tide. The steamboat trip ends here, the boats starting on the return at convenient intervals to connect at Eagle Bay with trains for Raquette Lake and for outside points. ✓

RAQUETTE LAKE FROM THE CRAGS



CHAPTER X.

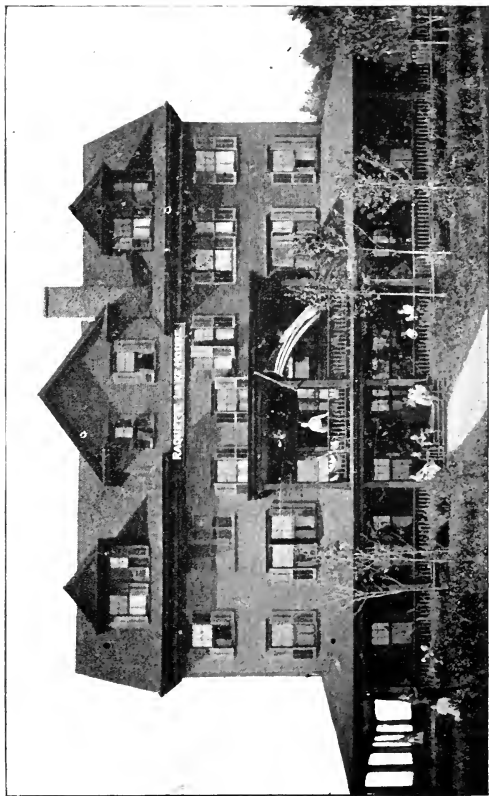
RAQUETTE LAKE, BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE AND LONG LAKE.

RAQUETTE LAKE is composed of a great mass of bays, separated by far-reaching points extending east and west. Its greatest length is only about five miles measured through islands and intervening headlands; yet so irregular is its shape that the shore line in its devious windings is over 40 miles in extent. The first house built at Raquette Lake



ALVAH DUNNING.

stood on Indian Point, where an effort was made at farming; a twenty years' struggle, however, ended in its abandonment, and when I passed by in 1873, only one lone man—old Alvah Dunning, lived, Robinson Crusoe-like on Osprey Island, with his dogs for companions—monarch of the beautiful lake, the Sabbath stillness broken only by an occasional party in camp or passing boat. Later, Alvah gave up possession of this island and built a little cabin at the mouth of the Brown Tract Inlet. Now how different the scene! A fibre from the throbbing mass of travel has pierced the depths, and its shores are teeming with life. Now swift trains, bearing the dust of the great city yet on their wheels, and busy steamers, meet to exchange their loads of com-



THE RACQUETTE HOTEL

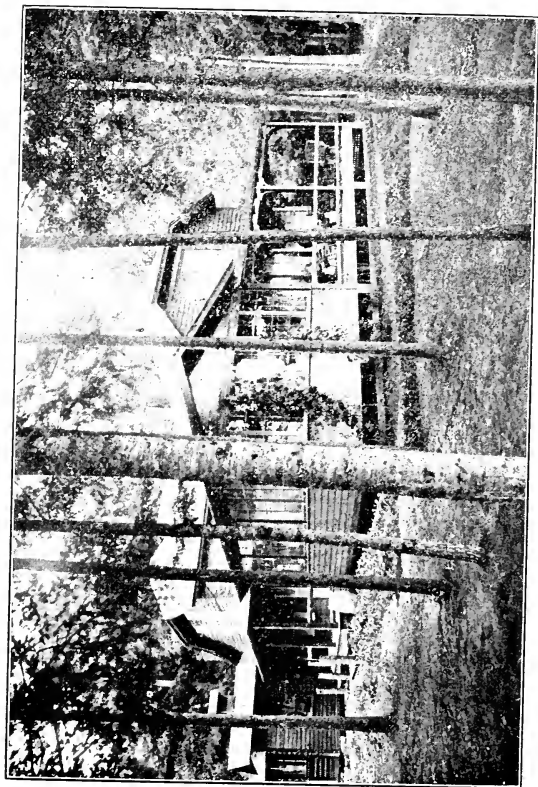
fort-seekers on the spot where but a little while ago stood the lonely camp of the old hunter.

The Raquette Lake Railway is nineteen miles long, extending from Clearwater on the main line to Raquette Lake. The motive power is steam generated by oil. The local fare is 5 cents per mile. Lake steamboats running to the various hotels and camps, connect here with trains. Through sleepers run to and from New York.

Raquette Lake is the embryo town at the terminus of the railroad and the distributing point for Raquette and Blue Mountain Lake matter. See map on page 214. From this point steamers of the Raquette Lake Transportation Company, of which Dr. W. Seward Webb is president and Maurice Callahan, superintendent, run to local landings on arrival of trains, while the line boat starts for Marion River Carry, where close connection is made with steamer for Blue Mountain Lake. Through fare, \$1.25. Round trip ticket for one day, \$2. Carriages for Long Lake will meet boats at Forked Lake carry by prearrangement. (See page 179).

Raquette Lake Hotel is near the station looking out over the lake. It is owned by P. Moynahan, millionaire lumberman of Glens Falls. George C. Reardon is Lessee and Manager. The house is modern in equipment with good rooms, electric lights, baths and sanitary plumbing. It has ample piazzas and is convenient to the station, post and telegraph offices. The table is wholesome and abundant. Rates \$2.50 up per day; \$12.50 up per week according to room and service. (See page 256).

Time is ordinarily given for breakfast and din-



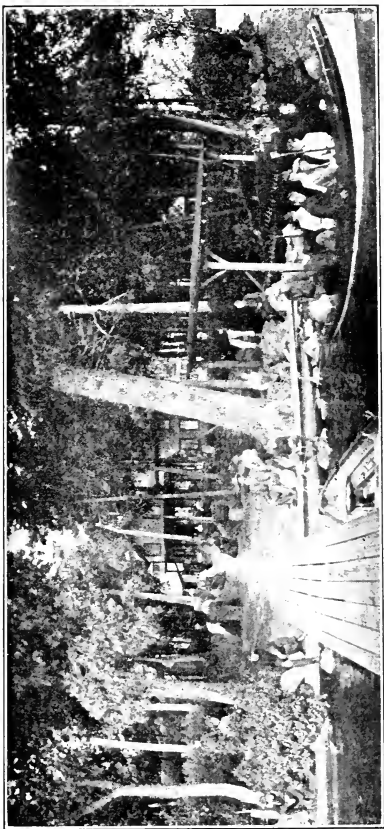
BRIGHSIDE COTTAGES.

ner here between arrival and departure of boats and trains.

"The Antlers" is a hotel on the colonization plan, a collection of camps and cottages which may be rented at room rates, and a large central building containing assembly and dining rooms with a picturesque casino at the landing, with its boats, billiards, social hall, store of sporting goods and curios. Rates are \$4.00 per day; \$21 and upward per week. Table board, \$17.50 per week. For particular address C. H. Bennett.

Brightside Cottages are almost hidden among the trees on the south side of Indian Point. Beside the building shown which contains the glass-enclosed dining room, is a larger building, which with detached cottages, gives accommodation for 75 guests. There is no bar at Brightside, and neither Hebrews nor those afflicted with pulmonary troubles should apply. The proprietor is a sportsman and very freely imparts information of interest. Paths lead from the landing trails through the forest along shore and backward to **The Crag**, 230 feet above the lake, from which a magnificent view may be had. Steamer stops 4 times daily. Cottages are lighted by gas. Rates are \$3 per day; \$15 and upward per week. Special for June and October. J. O. A. Bryere, proprietor. See page 264.

Sunset Camp is on Woods Point, seen on the north, as Marion River is approached. The house with rustic cottages and open camps affords accommodations for 85 guests. The steamboat lands when required to discharge passengers and baggage. The proprietor is Richard Bennett, a noted guide and hunter, who has spent a quarter of a century in the woods gathering information about



SUNSET CAMP

wild things that run and swim. He gives freely and guests are welcome to draw from the fund. To those who are so timid as to feel the need of a physician in the wilderness it may be well to state that Dr. J. E. Harety of New York spends his summers at Sunset Camp. Sunset Camp launch meets all trains at station. A second launch (new) is for special service to guests.

The new dining room, finished in native wood, spacious and well lighted, is a pleasing feature of 1905. Price of board is \$2.50 and up per day; \$15.00 and up per week. See page 272.

The Churches of Raquette Lake are unique. "The Church of the Mission of the Good Shepherd" (Episcopalian) is on St. Hubert's Isle. Services are conducted regularly here during the summer, the officiating clergyman occupying the little rectory close beside the church. "St. William's" (R. C.) is at the right (south) as Marion River Bay is entered. Services are held here also during the season.

The School System of Raquette Lake is original. No heavy-footed school-boy on his lagging way there—but instead a comfortable naphtha launch, manned and captained by the schoolmaster himself, which goes the round of nearly 20 miles to gather in the 15 to 20 pupils and convey them to the halls of learning near the R. C. Church, where the master takes up the ferule and the book until the time comes when, in like manner as the gathering, he re-distributes the budding promises plucked in the dewy morning. The launch cost \$800. The operating expenses are little, fluctuating slightly according to the price of oil and—greatest of all—it robs school-days of their horror be-

sides offerin' an occasional chance for a bit of fishin'. It is now proposed to add rural free delivery by boat to the lake-shore residents.

The Camps of Raquette Lake are elegant. Although built of rustic material found ready to hand, it is found that twisted cedar, shaggy spruce and silvery birch, in their native vestments, were not chosen because they cost nothing. Some of these camps are works of art, and filled with dainty bric-a-brac, generally, pertaining to woodsy things in keeping with their native environment.

One of the features of the wilderness camp is that it is never really completed. It is bound by no rule of time or architecture. It expands and blossoms with the passing season, and is never exactly the same one year that it was the year before, though always finished enough for comfort.

William West Durant has been an indefatigable worker and prime factor in the development of this section. When, in the winter of '76-'77, he began the building of "Pine Knot," it was practically in an unbroken wilderness. Alvah Dunning had his camp on Osprey Island, and a Mr. TenEyck had an old log hut near West Bay. The old "Helms" place and the Woods place were deserted and uninhabitable. There were no other places on Raquette Lake at that time. The following spring Isaac Kenwell put up a house, which he afterwards moved across the lake, and in the spring of 1877, Chauncey Hawthorn came down to Raquette Lake and started his camp at Golden Beach. Upwards of \$75,000 was spent on Camp Pine Knot, which was finally sold to the late Collis P. Huntington. Camp Uncas, on Mohegan Lake, was begun in the spring of 1893 and took three years in the building. Over \$120,000 was expended on that property,

which was sold to J. Pierepont Morgan, its present owner. Sagamore Lodge, situated on Sagamore Lake, was commenced in 1897, and completed in the spring of 1900. It has gas and water works and is heated by furnace as well as fire-places. This camp belongs to Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. The camp on Sumner Lake was sold to Lieut.-Gov. Timothy L. Woodruff, enlarged by the new owner, and now known as Camp Killkare. Each of these palatial camps are surrounded by quite extensive territory belonging to them and are reached over excellent roads cut through virgin forest especially for that purpose, the main road leading from Uncas Road Station on the Raquette Lake Railroad. All these, with others at Newcomb and other points, were designed and built by the same head and hand. His was a gentle spirit that conceived and builded in rare harmony with nature, and the misfortune of his passing, already felt, will be clearer as the years go by.

Years ago both moose and elk were found in the Adirondacks. The former were plentiful here in the last century, but soon after disappeared. It is very probable that the principal factor in the extinction of the Adirondack moose was not his own emigration from the region, as some have maintained, but the murderous rifles of the skin and market hunters (white and red), at a time when there were no game laws, and when very little sentiment in favor of the protection of game existed. The last positive authentic killing of a native moose in this State occurred in the autumn of 1861, when a guide of Long Lake named Palmer killed one on the Marion River. The elk left this region at a much earlier period, and comparatively few persons are now even aware that this majestic deer ever existed here, yet the fact is beyond question.

December, 1900, an association was formed with the object of inducing the State to take up the work of re-stocking the forest with royal game that had become extinct. Hon. Warren Higley of New York became president, and Harry V. Radford, secretary. In 1901 the association obtained the passage of an act in the New York Legislature authorizing the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission to "acquire by gift, purchase or capture a sufficient number of wild moose to stock the Adirondack region," and appropriating for the accomplishment of this project the sum of \$5,000. June 23d of the same year the late William C. Whitney, one of the vice presidents of the association, presented to the state a herd of 22 elk, which were liberated at the foot of Raquette Lake, where the carry to Forked Lake begins.

Mr. Radford was also instrumental in procuring the passage of a bill, which became a law, appropriating \$1,500 for the purchase of wild beavers to be liberated in the Adirondacks as well as the somewhat experimental one protecting the black bear which is now on trial. b77

The Marion River is one of the crookedest rivers in the world. It has no perceptible current along its reedy shores, but wanders back and forth between the low hills, in a succession of loops, making the way traversed, which is about two miles in a straight line, double that distance before the head of navigation is reached.

At Marion River Carry is the landing platform and the open sheds and open cars in which the half mile of railroad across the Carry is traversed. The motive power furnished is in a little locomotive which, when practicable, pushes the passen-

gers across that their sight and enjoyment of the way may be more complete.

Carry Inn is midway of the Carry. It had modern furnishings, baths and plumbing, and running hot and cold water, but like a number of other enterprises set afoot by Mr. Durant, it, with his removal from active management, has fallen into a state of "innocuous desuetude."

At the eastern terminus of the Marion River railroad a rustic pavilion covers the steamboat dock. Here the Blue Mountain steamers are taken and, almost immediately, the way opens out into **Utowana Lake**. This lake is about 2 miles in length, narrow and almost straight away east and west.

John Daly, an old-time proprietor of "The Hemlocks," is building a hotel on the north shore near the west end. Except for this opening the forest is unbroken. At the east another stream is entered which leads into **Eagle Lake**.

Eagle Lake is little more than a mile in length. It is also wild except for a cleared portion on the north towards its east end. Here in 1856 came "Ned Buntline" and here he wrote, and hunted, and filled the mind of the public with wild reports of his erratic doings to his heart's content. He married a wife, and buried her, here, and then, tired of the old place, drifted out into the world again. He was foremost in organizing the order of the "United Americans" and the "Patriotic Order Sons of America." He died July 16, 1886, at his mountain home, the "Eagle's Nest," in Delaware County, N. Y. A bit of the old log "Eagle's Nest," roofed over like a shrine, is here, between the present club buildings and the dock where the boat lands.

Ned Buntline (Edward Z. C. Judson) was born at Stamford, N. Y., March 20, 1823. His adventurous career began in early childhood. He killed his first deer when eight years of age, ran off to sea at eleven, was promoted to midshipman when only thirteen, the same year fought seven duels with fellow-



"NED BUNTLINE."

midshipmen who refused to mess with him on account of his supposed inferiority, and threatened to deplete the whole budding navy unless he was acknowledged as an equal. The navy wilted! He served with credit in the Seminole war, and in the Mexican war, and when the war cloud broke over the South, his venturesome spirit called him to the field once more. Five wounds by sabre and bullet, one of

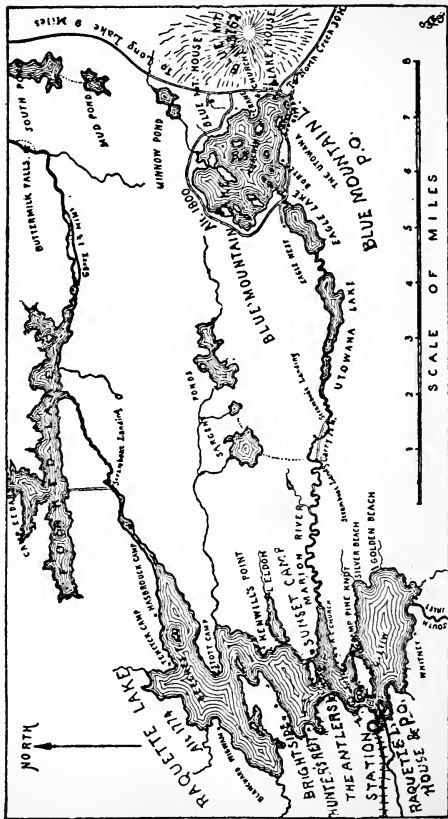
which made him lame for life, testify to his service for the country he served so proudly and gladly, while with fine scorn he refused the proffered pension. Later, at intervals, as novelist, dramatist, actor and temperance advocate he filled the public mind like—no one under the sun but only "Ned Buntline" the irrepressible. His first story, "The Captain's Pig," was published in his fifteenth year. As a writer of "Frontier Fiction" he was unexcelled. Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack, and Wild Bill were made famous by his stories of border life. His income as a story writer amounted to \$20,000 annually. His literary productions would make more than two hundred large volumes.

The Eagle's Nest Golf Links formed a part of the Durant scheme of improvements, and much money was expended here. The property is now held for private uses.

Memorial Bridge spans the old outlet of Blue Mountain Lake, now side-tracked for the straight channel dug for the easier passage of steamboats. It is of heavy rustic design, resting on massive stone abutments, erected to the memory of Dr. Thomas Clark Durant, as shown by the bronze tablet let into the masonry.

Blue Mountain Lake is an irregular oval, nearly 3 miles its longest way, resting 1,800 feet above tide. As it opens up with our approach we see on the right the summer camp of Col. Duryea of New York. On a low point farther on is "The Utowana," built in 1881, but proved in advance of the needs of the section, and is now closed. Beyond, in the bight of the bay, is the little hamlet of Blue Mountain Lake, with postoffice, stores and The Lake View Hotel.

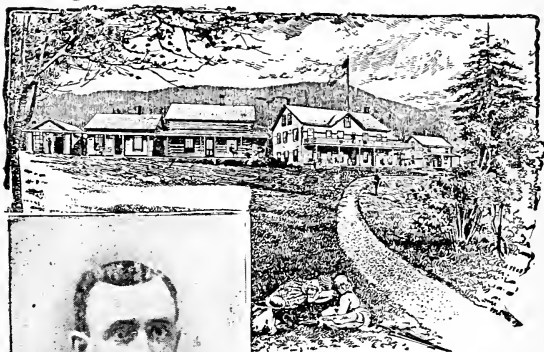
The Blue Mountain House is seen on a spur of the mountain, straight away as the view opens, 200 feet above the lake, about a mile beyond the last landing. Capacity of house and cottages 100. Rates, \$2.50 to \$3.50 day, \$10.50 to \$21.00 week. Open June to November. Telegraph, telephone and postoffice, "Towahloondah," in the house. M. Tyler Merwin, proprietor. Garage at the Blue Mountain House. The view is one of the loveliest imaginable, revealing the lake in its entirety with the island studded plain below, the receding shores leading away to the outlet.



A fleet of dainty Adirondack boats lie snugly in boat-house, or at rest on the sandy beach. The fare is wholesome, abundant and cleanly.

Stages run from Blue Mountain Lake to Long Lake daily on arrival of mid-day boat. Fare, \$1.50. See page 272.

Garage at the Blue Mountain House.



BLUE MOUNTAIN HOUSE
AND PROPRIETOR

Big Moose Lake lies five miles in an air line north of Fourth Lake on the Fulton Chain, and two miles east of the Big Moose station on the Adirondack division of the N. Y. C. and H. R. R. R. This is quite a picturesque section and round the lake are grouped a number of very satisfactory places of entertainment.

Beaver River (Station), is about 20 miles north of Fulton Chain (30 1-2 from New York). A small steamer runs from the landing down the river to Beaver Club House, carrying mails, and road leads west to the **Fenton House**.

The Fenton House is at Beaver Lake, C. Fenton Parker, proprietor. P. O. address, Number Four, Lewis Co. Rates, \$2 per day; \$10-\$12 per week. Open April to December. This point is best reached via the R. W. & O. R. R. to Lowville, thence by daily stage (buckboard) 18 miles to this point. Fare \$2. **Beaver Lake** is 1 1-2 miles in length. A small body of water, closely connected on the south, is called Beaver Pond. **Crooked Lake** may be reached by boat, 1 1-2 miles, and carry to the north 1 3-4 miles.

Lake Bonaparte (station) is 18 miles from Carthage on the Carthage & Adirondack R. R. Here in 1828, came Joseph Bonaparte, who under his younger brother, the great Napoleon, had been king of Naples in 1806 and king of Spain in 1808, built "The Hermitage" on the shore of the lake, which was within the 150,000 acres which he had purchased here. The ruins of the old Hermitage still remain.

The New Hermitage is a hotel with capacity for 150 guests. David Scanlan, proprietor. Rates \$2-\$2.50 per day. P. O. Bonaparte.

Benson Mines is 43 miles from Carthage. From this the Cranberry Lake Railroad runs (6 miles) to Wanakena, at the foot of Inlet Rapids, where steamers are taken for points on Cranberry Lake.

Cranberry Lake is one of the largest bodies of water in the Great Wilderness, covering perhaps with its present overflow more surface than any other. It is 1,540 feet above tide and surrounded by forests that remain among the very wildest in the State.

Hotel Wanakena at Wanakena station will provide for 125. W. A. Bean, proprietor.

Bear Mountain Camp is on the main lake 3 miles from the outlet. Capacity 50. J. M. Balderson, proprietor.

The New Columbian Park Hotel on the west shore near the outlet will provide for 75. Neil Shaw, proprietor.

Cranberry Lake Inn in the village at the north end of the lake is owned by the Emporium Lumber Company. Capacity 60.

The White Birch will provide for 40. Edwin Aldrich, proprietor. Address as above for particulars.

CHAPTER XII.

TROUT FISHING, FLIES, SUGGESTIONS, ETC.

By A. Nelson Cheney.

IN New York State there are but two species of trout native to its waters, the common brook or speckled trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, and the lake trout mis-called salmon trout, *Salvelinus namaycush*. Other trout have been generously introduced into very many of the lakes, ponds and streams of the State, notably the brown trout, *Salmo fario*, which is the common brook trout of Europe, and which our National Fish Commission has decreed shall be known as the "von Behr trout," because the fish were first sent to this country by the late Dr. von Behr, President of the German Fishery Association; the Loch Leven trout from the lake of the same name in Scotland, and the rainbow trout from the Pacific slope. All of these fish have been planted in Adirondack waters, the native trout to restock the waters and the other species to add to the variety. It is quite out of the question in the limits of this chapter to give any hard and fast rules or directions for successful fishing, and what follows may be regarded as suggestions only. At the present time trout fishing in the Adirondacks is confined to the two native species, the lake trout of the large, deep, cold lakes, and the brook trout of the streams and ponds, for they are brook trout, as we have learned to call them, whether caught in mountain brook, river, pond or lake, but I shall write of them as found in the streams.

When the ice has gone from the streams and ponds, and the sun has warmed the waters a trifle, brook trout will be found in the deep water and holes of the

brooks, and it is hard work to get them to rise to a fly. They probably know that flies are out of season at this time. If the fishing fever is on, you must take a plebian worm and let it lie on the bottom until it is *sucked in* by some lazy trout ; then "yank." A little later, when the snow water is a thing of the past, and the fruit trees are in bloom, and the black fly and the May fly are out to devour and be devoured, and the lazy trout, by exercise on the riffs and in rough water, has become an athlete, then take your rod, attach the patrician fly, and cast ever so gently at the head of the riffs, where a stone makes a little eddy, working down gradually to the pool at the foot of the rapids, where the heads of the family "receive," if they have not already anticipated your visit by going up the riffs like a quarter-horse, and taken your fly with a leap that shows you what you have to contend with. As the weather grows warmer they will drop back to the deep shady holes, invigorated and fattened by their visit to the graveled-bottom rapids. It may be that you will now be obliged to return to the worm or to a live chub or shiner, or the tail of either, that when it is let down into the hole with the current and drawn up stream, it will whirl like a thing of life. I say you may be obliged to resort to this, for there are holes in streams where it would be folly to attempt to cast a fly. If a person wishes to pass them by because he never fishes with other than a fly, some one not so fastidious may come after and bring to basket some of the oldest inhabitants of the brook. Should you fish one day and find that the trout are all seeking the seclusion of the deep holes and the evening, night or next day brings a shower to slightly raise the brook, as soon as the shower is over try it again, but fish the rapids, for the trout will have come out to see what the flood has brought for them to feast upon. A little later the

deep holes get warm by reason of low water and continued hot weather. The trout have their resorts at this season as well as the angler, and so they take their families and travel to some portion of the stream where a cold spring comes in, or bubbles up from the bottom. At these "spring holes" the trout will be found in hot weather in great numbers, if the game law has been observed.

As to flies, most people have their own ideas; but it may be well to say that out of the countless number of flies, some of them unlike anything under the sun, the red, black, brown and gray hackles, tied both as a plain hackle and palmer fashion; coachman, yellow professor, light and dark fox, black gnat, green drake, March brown, fin fly, white miller, Montreal, Parmachene Belle, grizzly king, and queen of the water, constitute a good supply if one takes a half dozen of each. Even this is considered by some too many. I think I am safe in saying that the largest trout are caught at dusk or during starlight or moonlight nights; if I am too broad in making this assertion I will modify it by saying *large* trout may be caught at this time by using a white miller, or a fly in which white predominates; and, too, you must use a larger hook than the one you used during the day. If you have noticed a large trout in the stream during the day, and been unable to catch him, try him at night, if it is bright, and you may be reasonably sure of his rising to your light colored fly. Sometimes you may catch an obstinate fellow by going above his resting place and slightly roiling the stream, and as the muddy water passes over, let your fly float as naturally as possible with it, and the chances are in favor of your getting the trout. He probably knows that roily water means a freshet, and

a freshet brings with it insects upon which he feeds. The latter portion of May, the months of June and July are considered the best portions of the open season for fishing in the Adirondacks, and morning and evening the best portion of the day, as the trout are then seeking their natural food ; but the ways of the trout are often past finding out, for there are times when they will bite at nothing.

I might give directions for **fly casting**, but at best written directions are very unsatisfactory, and the novice will gain more of real benefit from a few lessons given by a fly fisherman than from all the instructions ever written.

The coachman for trout is as standard as the Jock Scott or silver doctor for salmon, and for many years stood first in my estimation as a trout fly. A half dozen or more years ago Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, London, sent me some samples of the Marston's Fancy, a fly that was named for him, and I found it to be more killing than the coachman in small streams where the trout are highly educated in entomology, and my fly books are now never without a supply of these flies. **As to tackle** get a split bamboo, hornbeam, or ash and lance wood rod of three joints, about eleven feet long, weighing eight to ten ounces. This with an extra tip or tips, one a little shorter than the others, will answer for both bait and fly, unless you propose to "yank" your fish, in which case you need heavier timber ; a click reel to hold forty yards of braided silk, tapered line, waterproof ; a half-dozen leaders or casting lines nine feet long, of best round silkworm gut ; a supply of snelled hooks tied upon O'Shaughnessey or Kinsey hooks, with a landing net of coarse mesh, will constitute an outfit for brook trout in the Adirondacks. It is poor economy to buy poor tackle · if you get any get the best, even if you get less.

While I advise O'Shaughnessey or Kinsey snelled hooks for bait fishing, I believe the best hook on which to dress a fly is the Pennell-Limerick or Pennell-Sneck, hook made by W. Bartleet & Sons, the former for large flies and the latter for small ones.

Bait fishing is not to be sneered at. But if you *must* use bait, take your angle or earth worm after it is scoured in damp moss, and pass your hook through the neck half an inch from the head, then gathering up a loop of the body and pass through again and again until you have the shank, as well as the beard of the hook, well covered and half an inch of "worm" over. Should your worm-loop, or head, or tail be taken off and the fish not taken in, put on a fresh bait. Unless you have some decided objection fish *down stream*. If you use live bait (minnows), pass your hook through its back under the dorsal fin, but not so low as to break the back bone; should you use a portion of a minnow, cut off the tail just at the dorsal fin; put your hook in at the tail, and along the back bone, until the point of the hook nearly reaches the place cut; your bait will then be curved to correspond with the bend of the hook, and will whirl nicely when drawn against the current.

The Lake trout, although it will take a fly at times, is usually caught by **trolling**. The *modus operandi* is as follows: With a springy trolling rod, a balance multiplying reel to hold 100 yards of braided silk, or linen line No. 4, leaders 6 feet long of single gut, and a minnow gang, which is made by tying 6, 9 or 12 hooks in groups of three to a length of twisted gut with a single lip hook about one and a half inches above the upper group of hooks, a gaff hook, and a pail of minnows completing the outfit. Lake trout fishing is in order as soon as the ice leaves the lakes, for then the fish are at the surface of the water and it is really the only time that they afford sport in the

catching, as it cannot be considered sport to troll with a heavy sinker at the bottom in 100 or more feet of water, so put your rod together, put on your reel, pass your line through the standing guides of your rod, attach your leader and minnow gang, put the lip hook through both lips of the live bait, bend the bait and put one of the group hooks through the back of the bait behind the back fin in such a manner as to make it revolve slowly through the water. Of late years I have used the Archer Spinner in place of the gang, for when the minnow is impaled on the spindle of the spinner it must whirl, and the wings of the spinner hold the minnow fast and thus it is a bait saver, an important matter in spring trolling when bait fish is scarce.

Buoy fishing for lake trout is practical by anchoring a block of wood, as a bouy in some deep portion of the lake. Morning and evening, for two or three days, bait your bouy by throwing overboard bits of fish but up about the size of a butternut; this will generally attract the fish and keep them around the buoy. When you think the buoy sufficiently baited, put on your hook a piece of fish like that you have used, or a live minnow, and drop it over, and keep your bait moving up and down by a slight motion of your hand, until the sun gets too hot, or your seat gets too hard, or you make up your mind that there are better ways of fishing. Buoy fishing is not practiced now nearly as much as in former years, but trout are yet caught in this manner.

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Game.—You may kill **Ruffed Grouse** from Oct. 1 to Nov. 30, both inclusive.

Woodcock may be killed Oct. to Nov. 30.

Wildfowl, Geese, Ducks, etc, Sept 16 to Dec. 31.

Wilson's or English Snipe, Sept. 16 to Dec. 31.

Squirrels, black and gray, Oct. 1 to Nov. 30.

Deer. You may kill deer (having horns not less than 3 inches long) with a gun fired at arm's length without rest, between sunrise and sunset from Oct. 1 to Nov. 15, both inclusive, but no person shall kill or take alive more than two deer in one season. Hounding of deer and "jacking" is forbidden. No fawn shall be killed at any time. Not more than one deer shall be transported at one time, and then only when accompanied by owner. The violation of any of these provisions is a misdemeanor, with an additional penalty of \$100 for each violation.

Beaver shall not be caught or killed at any time.

Black Bear may be killed at sight in Essex and Lewis Counties. In other Adirondack counties, October 1st to July 1st.

Elk, Moose or Caribou shall not be killed.

FISH—Open season: **All Trout,** May 1 to Aug. 30. **Lake Trout and Land-locked Salmon,** April 16 to Sept. 30. Legal length of all trout, other than lake trout, six inches.

Black Bass, June 16 to Dec. 31, except in Lake George and Schroon Lake, Aug. 1 to Dec. 16. Legal length of black bass, ten inches. Not more than 24 shall be caught in one day.

HOTELS AND PUBLIC CAMPS.

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(For list of hotels, alphabetically arranged, see index.)

ALBANY.

THE TEN EYCK. F. W. Rockwell. See page 275.

AIDEN LAIR.

AIDEN LAIR LODGE. F. M. Cronin. See 171-D-
AUGUR LAKE.

THE INTERLAKEN. C. B. White. Pages 132-265.

AU SABLE CHASM.

HOTEL AU SABLE CHASM. Page 40.

BEAVER LAKE.

FENTON HOUSE. C. Fenton Parker.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE.

BLUE MOUNTAIN HOUSE. M. Tyler Merwin.
Pages 211-272.

CSPREY HOUSE. Charles E. VanDembergh. \$3 day; \$12-\$18 week.

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BLUFF POINT.

HOTEL CHAMPLIN. M. M. Kelly, Manager.
55-261.

CASCADE LAKE

CASCADE LAKE HOUSE. J. Henry Otis.
manager. Pages 122-162.

CEDAR RIVER.

CEDAR RIVER HOUSE. 30. F. E. Wood.
Pages 183-245.

CRANBERRY LAKE.

Cranberry Lake Inn. 60. Emporium Lumber Co. Apply.

The White Birch. 40. Edwin Aldrich. Apply.

The Windsor. 50. M. J. Brainard. Apply.

Columbian Park Hotel. 75. Neil Shaw. Apply.

Bear Mountain Camp. 50. J. M. Balderson.
(P. O. Wanakena.) Apply.

Hotel Wanakena. 125. W. A. Bean. P. O.
Wanakena.) Apply.

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ELIZABETHTOWN.

Maplewood Inn. 75. Roberts Brothers. Page 135.

The Windsor. O. Kellogg & Son. 250. Page 137.

Deer's Head Inn. 100. B. F. Stetson. Address

FULTON CHAIN.

(Hotels as approached from the west.)

Adirondack. At Old Forge. 30. \$8-\$12. Miss Ella Hughes.

Forge House. A. M. Briggs, proprietor. 187.

BALD MOUNTAIN HOUSE. C. M. Barrett. See 189-273.

EAGLE BAY HOTEL. 150. E. A. Preston. Mohawk and Cottages. 70. \$2.50 to \$2.00 day, \$10-\$18 week. June to October. Mrs. H. H. Longstaff. \$2 to \$3 day; \$14-\$21 week.

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THE WOOD. 100. P. C. Wood. Pages 195-247.

THE ARROWHEAD. 125. C. A. O'Hara. \$3 and \$4 per day. \$14 up per week.

KEENE VALLEY.

ST. HUBERT'S INN. The Au Sable Club. Augustus J. Coughlin, Mgr. See page 141.

Keene Valley Inn. S. R. Clark. Apply for terms.

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WAYSIDE INN AND COTTAGES. Ernest Serfling. 100. See pages 161-254.

LAKE GEORGE.

FORT WM. HENRY HOTEL. M. M. -Kelly. p. 266.

LAKE PLACID.

THE NATIONAL (at Station). Henry Allen. See page 105-265.

GRAND VIEW HOUSE. M. B. Marshall. See pages 106-B—273.

NORTH WOODS INN. 75 guests. T. A. Leahy. Page 106-B—273.

STEVENS HOUSE. Stevens Hotel Co. Apply.

LAKE PLACID INN. F. W. Swift. See pages 107-234.

UNDERCLIFF. See 111.

LONG LAKE.

DEERLAND LODGE. A. D. Brown & Co. 179-A-263.

THE SAGAMORE. James H. Reardon. Apply.

ADIRONDACK HOUSE. D. B. Moynehan. Page 179-A.

MINERVA.

MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE. John Anderson, Jr. See pages 171-C—262.

NEWCOMB.

LAKE HARRIS HOUSE 50. John Anderson. See pages 173-274.

WAYSIDE INN. John Anderson. Pages 173-274.

NORTH CREEK.

ADIRONDACK HOUSE. 100. \$2 day. Pages 171-C-255.

NORTH RIVER.

ORDWAY HOTEL. 50. W. H. Lynch. See page 182.

PLATTSBURG.

FOUQUET HOUSE. 100. R. J. Clark. See pages 57-245.

CUMBERLAND HOUSE. R. J. Clark. See page 57.

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RAQUETTE LAKE HOTEL. 50. G. C. Rear-don, Mgr. Pages 199-256.

THE ANTLERS. C. H. Bennett. Apply.

BRIGHTSIDE COTTAGES. J. O. A. Bryere See 201-264.

SUNSET CAMP. R. Bennet. See pages 201-272.

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✓ **THE BERKELEY.** A. B. Robinson. Pages 75, 263.

THE NEW ST. REGIS. J. C. Morgan. \$2.50 up. Page 75.

✓ **RIVERSIDE INN.** 100...Pine & Corbett. \$2.50 to \$4 day, \$15 to \$28 week. Open all the year. See page 77.

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✓ **SARANAC INN.** Harrington Mills, Mgr. See pages 83-268.

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✓ **HIAWATHA LODGE.** 100. W. L. Beckman. (P. O. Corey's). See pages 91-266.

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✓ **WATCH ROCK.** J. D. Benham. 200. \$2-\$3 day; \$10-\$20 week.

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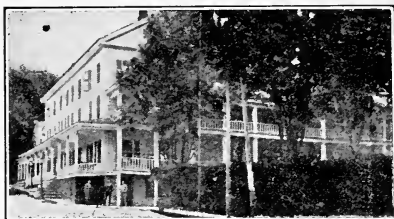
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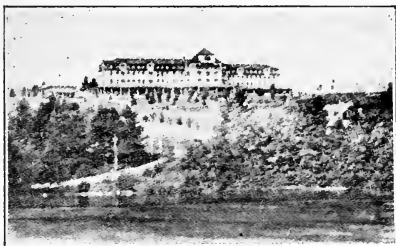
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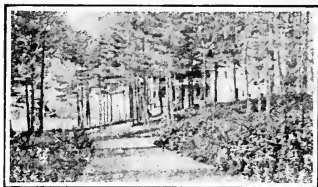
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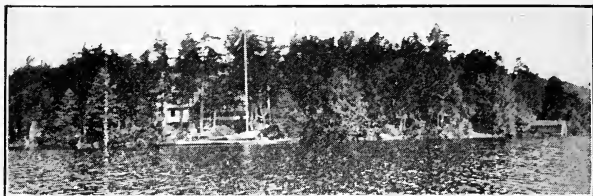
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Every Room Provided with Hot and Cold
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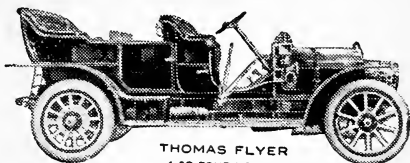
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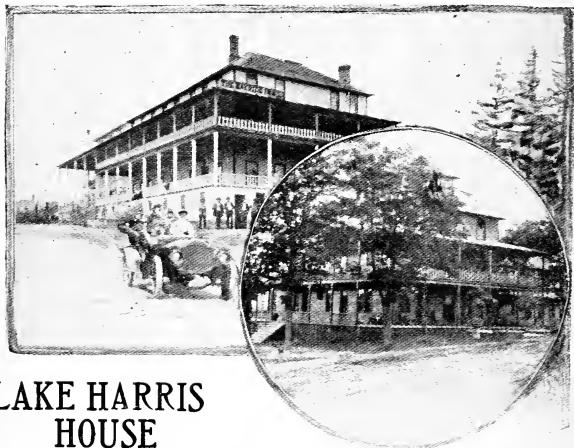
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Ask the woman who has been here.

B. B. FOWLER COMPANY

Established 1869

GLENS FALLS, NEW YORK

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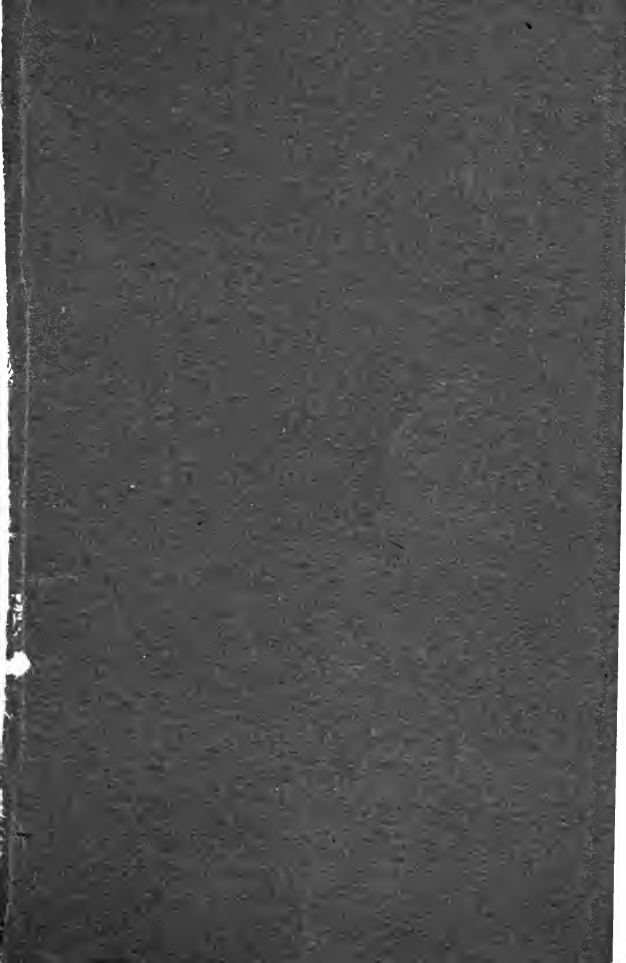
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AND THEM GLORIFIED."

*(From the New York Mail and Express
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